THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY; OR, SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

" Quite weary grown
Of all the follies of the town,
And seeing in all public places,
The same vain fops, and painted faces."

SOAME JENYNS.

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THE

HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

N° XL.

A PARTY OF PLEASURE.

Pleasures are few; yet fewer we enjoy.

ANON.



A PARTY OF PLEASURE.

In the summer of last year, I made one of a large party of pleasure, so well composed, and so admirably arranged, that it seemed impossible that any accident should mar its success, or diminish its attractions. Our party consisted of sixteen persons, amongst whom we united beauty, talent, youth, fashion, and every means to purchase amusement and luxury. We had beautiful women, three of whom sung delightfully; we had likewise Colonel Languish, with his attractive voice and guitar; a young Clergyman, who played on the flute; the

facetious George Evergreen; the celebrated Bacchanalian M——s; we provided ourselves with a pack of cards, and a back-gammon board, for the elder members of the party; and had four carriages, with two led horses, at our disposal.

We were also well assorted. The family of the Beverlys took the lead, in a post coach and four; Lord Castlemain presided over an open barouche full of belles; I was disposed of in the third carriage, with some scientific foreigners; and the Colonel drove his intended, in his curricle. One led horse was reserved for Lady Lucy Lightfoot the other for any cavalier who might volunteer his services to attend her in a ride through Bushy and Richmond Parks; for thither we were going.

In order to avoid fatigue and delays, all our carriage horses were hired, and the riding horses were sent forward some hours before we started. We were to rendezvous in Grosvenor-place, take refreshment at

Bushy Park, and dine at Richmond, in a garden which is washed by the Thames. In case the weather proved suddenly and unexpectedly unfavourable, we had a gothic temple fitted up for our refectory. We brought our wine in ice pails; and the *baterie de cuisine*, and heavier provisions, were expedited in the peer's light cart. The master of the spot where we were to dine was abroad, but his servants were ordered to join their exertions to those of our own, in lighting a fire for tea, and in attending us at our *champêtre* banquet. Moreover, a pleasure boat was in waiting, with fishing tackle for the amateurs in that way.

We set forward as early as ten A. M.: the weather was intensely hot; but every possible precaution of large bonnets, light clothing, flowers *eau de Cologne*, fans, and portable chairs was provided.

The family of Beverly proposed a rubber of short whist in the carriage, and exchanged

Charles Beverly for the clergyman, who in about an hour, lost a sum of money, which inconvenienced him, and with it, he lost his temper and his spirits, and was dull and unhappy all the rest of the day; in so much that when called upon to delight us with his flute, he pleaded indisposition and the instrument's being out of tune, and with-held his dividend of exertion from the party.

Our next check was a love scene of fury and disappointment, which ended in female frowns and tears, and the breaking off of a match, in consequence of Colonel Languish's accepting Lady Lucy's invitation to ride with her in Richmond Park, and resigning the reins to young Beverly. This he did, partly to try his intended's strength of attachment, and partly because a very fine woman and a title are very irresistible to human vanity.

Arrived at Bushy Park, we fell upon the fruits, biscuits and wines; but on our

reaching Richmond we were cut off in our resources, by the non-arrival of the provision cart; the driver having first missed his way, and next lamed the horse, in order to make up his time; so that he was obliged to come on at a walk, and arrived just time enough to see us finish an indifferent, but very dear dinner, sent for from the Star and Garter.

My lord, who had lost his appetite by over waiting, lost his politeness also, frightened all the women by his tremendous swearing, and never came to a recover all the evening. The sparkling glass now circulated, and the hour for vocal and instrumental harmony arrived; but the guitar was unfortunately left at Bushy Park, and the disappointed Lady would not sing a second to her triumphant rival.

Our only resource was a duet betwixt two other fair ones; but, the excessive heat, the dust, the dinner lost, and the other mal-adventures, so subdued the vocal powers of these charmers, that the duet was languid,

nay even out of tune, whilst the amorous Colonel pressed our anacreontic singer so hard with overflowing bumpers, that he was as hoarse as a raven, and as unentertaining as a mute.

The ladies now withdrew, with only two cavaliers in their pleasure boat, and returned drenched with water at ten o'clock at night, alarmed, dejected, and disappointed; for one of the cavaliers being a bad but conceited rower, very nearly drowned the party, after having twice got them aground. Previous to their arrival, we had parents' sighs and tears, and conjugal upbraidings for trusting the young ladies, with two such hare-brained indiscreets; and accusations, reproaches, taunts, apologies and strong language on the return of the thoughtless youths.

Tea was now proposed, and dry clothes were obtained from the female servants of the house, whilst Lady Lucy was prevailed upon to sing an Italian song, and a harp

left in the house was put in tune to heighten our delight; but the long and melancholy process of tuning, the lowering appearances of the night, the charm of concord being once broken and yet unrestored, the attempt was a feeble one, and failed 'of success.

This was not all: as a conflagration gives an opportunity to the evil minded to plunder, so did our distress produce the same effect with the postilions and strange drivers, who, whilst some of our men were going out in search of the benighted aquatic adventurers, were drowning care in the oblivious cup, and making extensive havoc with the champagne, liqueurs, and other intoxicating fluids, until they became incapable of performing their office. Off, however, they flew, at full speed, amidst many threats and female shrieks.

The barouche was overturned and broken in pieces, with the aditional misfortune of one fractured collar bone, and divers

bruises on sundry places. The post coach was driven by the Colonel and young Beverly badly enough. After dismounting and horse-whipping the refractory post-boys, our carriage had to be given up to the overturned party, whilst some of us came home on foot, and others were crammed into the curricle, seated on each other's knees, for the led horses were sent home previous to the water party.

The whole concluded by a thunder storm, which frightened two of our ladies into fits. Luckily, however, the rain did not come down until after our arrival, else had the four in the curricle and the foot passengers been wet through.

We arrived at about one o'clock in the morning at Grosvenor-place, where a splendid supper was provided, of which no one would partake. Fear, sickness and disappointment pervaded the whole assembly. We had certainly only escaped perils by land and water; but the bodies and the

minds of many of the party were nevertheless no little shattered by the shocks they had received.

Wounded pride, lost affection and disregarded attachment, were keenly felt, and tempers betrayed, and attractions faded, were not amongst the worst of our mishaps. A set of false teeth, some artificial tresses, a gentleman's stay-lace broken, and the loss of a garter, were the fortune of some of the party, not to mention a disfiguring bruise, and the unbecoming effect of a very fine full length painting being rubbed out, in the person of one of our overturned belles.

In fine, the most disastrous effects, followed this very promising party of pleasure; and I have ever since been backward and apprehensive of entering into engagements of this kind, so very uncertain in their nature, and so very liable to unpleasant chances and accidents—the weather, for instance, and the not less uncertain tempe-

rature of the human mind, as liable to mutations and to storms, as the elements themselves.

Alas! it is not these parties alone, which are subject to similar events. Do we not daily see our brightest prospects fade and vanish away at the moment that we fancy we are on the point of realising and enjoying them?—And is it not these disappointments that afford more than half their themes to such characters as

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

N° XLI.

THE TOP OF A STAGE.

Since life's a rough journey as moralists tell,
Englishmen sure have the best of it;
On that spot of the earth, they bade liberty dwell,
Whilst Slavery holds all the rest of it.

MORRIS.

THE TOP OF A STAGE.

A HUMOROUS actor in, I forget what piece, says, "I have seen a great deal of high life and of low life,—high life from the top of a stage coach when I was guard, and low life when I was waiter in a cellar." Without following this wag in these opposite scenes of life, or descending quite as low in search of adventures, we will take a view of life from the coach top; and, since "all the world's a *stage*," let us journey a little while in this conveyance. And here, oh! my dear country, how superior art thou to any other place in the world, in thy horses,

in thy conveyance, and in thy mode of travelling; for whilst cords and cart horses, wicker baskets or moving mountains, jack boots and wooden shoes are emblems of the slavery of France, light cattle, stylish carriages, swift conveyances, and buoyant hearts, cry, "*vive l'Angleterre!*" in every line of feature and appointments.

In France, you are eyed by a Douannier, enrolled in the Police book, *muni d'un passeport*, and put under the command of the conducteur and his huge dog; whereas in Old England, all is liberty and frolic, tight traces, and cattle flying over the ground, as though they were attached to freedom's car! Where is the Englishman, whose heart did not bound on seeing the British Stage Coach, with four sporting like horses, after sojourning long abroad? If there live such a man, he is no patriot, and the country can spare him. As for myself, I was ready to jump, from the exhilaration of spirits which the mail

coach and the *natale solum* produced on my landing after even a short absence.—But to my story.

I threw myself into a light coach for Bath; but perceiving at the first stage a sickly soldier returned from India, who appeared to suffer from the cold, I exchanged places with him, and took the roof; being well provided with a bang-up coat, overalls, camel's hair gloves, a travelling cap, and a lighted cigar in my mouth.

I took my seat immediately behind coachee; who said, on my mounting the roof, "That's your sort, your honor; you're a good gentleman to take pity on that ere poor man; he seems as if all his work was done, as we say; the game's pretty nigh up with him: poor *fellor,* I made him drink a glass of rum and milk just now." (Speaking to his off leader,) "Will you, Ginger? you little devil! I'll take the shine out of you afore I've done with you. See how mettlesome" (addressed to me,) "we be! you

maytravel many a mile, master, and not sit behind four better nags. Go along there, Rover; steady, old Darby; vy, you're all in high spirits; no lack of corn, in spite of the corn bill. Yep, yep, my merry ones."

" But, I say, master, (giving me a knowing look,) you mustn't be harking in soft nonsence to my partner's ear, (alluding to a pretty girl by the side of him,) it's a pleasure for a coachman to have such a bit of blood by the side of him; it makes the road so lightsome." (To the girl) " I hope you sit easy, Miss, and that 'ere coat of mine keeps you varm. Lots of coats we've got, and lots of fun, and all at your service. Law bless your roguish black eyes." (wagging his head, and double thonging the wheeler.) " Yep, yep; that's your sort; carry on, Nimrod. We don't go to sleep on the road, my pretty maid." " Don't talk such nonsense," said the girl, pleased at the same time with coachee's attentions. " Nonsense!" repeated coachee; " why

you're enough to make a bishop, or a judge talk nonsense. I know many a duke as would like to talk nonsense to you; ah! that they would; and you'd do honour to any man." Well done, coachee, thought I; you don't spare flattery.

"I say, master," turning to me, "a'nt she a stylish one? My eyes! how I should like—(to the leader.) "Will you, Ginger?" "how I should like such a handsome lass for a wife! she should always have the reins at home, and I'd keep her like a little Queen." (The Girl) "What a quizzer you are?" "Quizzer! whip me, if I wouldn't spoil the fellow's singing who'd quiz you; you knows that you are as nice a concern as any in England." The girl laughed, adding, "Oh you coachmen are almost as bad as the soldiers; you are a parcel of gay deceivers." "Not a bit," replied coachee, "we are as true as the needle to the pole." Whether he meant the coach-pole or the North, I know not; doubtless the idea

came from the *compass* of his imagination; but if he was limited as to habit, he was by no means so as to amatory nonsense.

He insinuated, in the course of his coach-box courtship, what a happy life that of a coachman was, and told her in fact that it was next to that of a nobleman; "for," said he, "what can a Lord or a Duke do more, than drive his four in hand all day, and carry on all night, boozing and singing merry songs, hunting songs for instance, and *dublin tender*, and joking and frolicking, and taking a touch at cards now and then, and never being without a pretty gal, (as he pronounced it) to sweeten life's journey. Then I keeps my bull dog and my pair of terriers; and once in a way takes a holiday, for bull baiting and badger baiting; and I can lay in bed, or gamble all Sunday, and care for nobody. I have always my pocket full of ready cash, and that's more than many a prince can say; and I does no work, and that's more than half

the nobility can say; for some of 'em do some very dirty work. I'm not subject to be drilled or commanded like a soldier, nor to be led by the nose like the tool of a minister, nor to be turned off at a minute's notice, like your Parliamentary whips, as drive a Job in the state chariot, nor to go cap in hand canvassing for votes, or for a place or pension. No, I knows my work, and am master of it: and, if the passengers are generous to me, I thanks 'em; if they ban't, they may be———." "Come up, old Windsor," (spoken to the wheeler.)

"Well, if I gets nothing by the regular passengers, I helps myself with the lifts; says nothing about *Byes*, no more than our married quality, and so we carry on. As for company, I keeps the best in the land—Didn't young Wildairs, the Baronet's son, serve his apprenticeship on this box, and treat me like a brother? and when I drove the Eton coach, had'nt I Dukes and Lords,

for my daily companions ?"—" Yep, yep." —" And proud of driving, and of dressing, and of looking like myself (for my reader must know that coachee was a great *swell*, as he calls it.) And then the pretty gals as I've drove !" (To me) " Sir, I beg your pardon, take care of that 'ere bag as hangs by your side ; there's a game cock of mine in it ; and I'm to match him next week for ten guineas ! But I say, my dear, don't be cruel ; you may do worse than take me."

Here he pulled up in prime style, and called about him like a ruffian lord. " I say, Jem Ostler, come, look sharp, don't go to sleep." (To me) " Now, master, you shall see a pair of leaders, worth a cool hundred a piece, and the wheelers bought out of a ruined Baronet's stables. Many a buck have I seen done up, and brought to a stand-still, whilst I carry on just the same." " I say, Mary : I dare say your name's Mary, you looks so mild." " No,"

said the girl on the box, "it's Sally." "That's prime; that was the name of my first love (a very stale trick in love making this name fancying;) and you shall be "Sally of our alley." "But, charmer, I say, what shall I treat you to? Will you have a doctor, or a glass of mulled wine, or some lamb's wool, or a comforter, or a drop of Jackey?" The girl took the mulled wine as being most gen—teel. "I say," continued he, "sarve my young lady here, old copper nose, and I'll pay for it, and I'll treat you to a yard of tape for yourself."

"Wo, ho, my fiery steeds; that's your sort!—All right, Joe? Off we goes again! Fresh as fire! That's your life, Sally!"

Thus did he carry on courting Sally, until the end of his day's drive. I could not help laughing at his conceit in comparing his life with that of our dashing, sporting nobility; but when I was informed that he had spent a fortune before he came

of age, and then took to what he was fittest for—the coach-box: that he was a married man and a gay deceiver, and that he was what the ostler called "up to any thing," I began to consider the likeness was greater than I at first was aware of; for, from high life to low life, there is but one step, when their pleasures, their pursuits, and their dissipation so strongly resemble each other; and, in short, I discovered that a man who should take a moralizing frame of mind along with him, might find exercise for it every where; not more as a Hermit in London than as a

HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

N° XLII.

A CHILD'S BURIAL.

There's no sorrow there Jean,
There's no dull toil and care Jean
And the weather's aye fair Jean,
In the land o' the liel.

BURNS.

A CHILD's BURIAL.

THERE is always in the death bell, in the sepulchral pall, in the funeral service, and in the emblems of mortality, something awfully mournful, apprehensively imposing; and, no where have these outward forms of affliction, and solemn reflection, more heart rending impressions, than in France and other Catholic countries. The burning taper, the skull and cross bones, the pictured tears which are represented on the coffin of the deceased, together with the fervid orisons poured out by the clergy, and the horror striking sound of that dismal instrument, the

serpent, might appal the stoutest breast. I have often been witness, sometimes involuntarily, to these ceremonies, and my very heart has been clad in mourning.

But let us now turn from these sepulchral scenes of woe, to cheering hope, to smiling promise, to snow white garments, to young flowers, to the chaunts of praise, and to jubilations unknown in our country. The death bell had just tolled, and melancholy had already taken possession of my mind, when a procession of young children walking two and two, with nosegays in their hands, relieved my aching imagination. "It's a marriage," cried I to myself, for I saw only the close of the procession of these innocents, in the figurative garb of immaculacy, enter the church porch. I cleared my gloomy imagination, and followed the procession into the principal aisle of the church. The priests were clad in white and gold; the attendants were all in white; yet was there something, *not* of cheerfulness

around, and some of the virgins wept. What could it be?

I now perceived a child's coffin covered with lily white drapery, a small crucifix on a pillow, with bouquets of spring flowers placed at its feet. Young maidens in white with burning tapers, stood ranged on each side of the deceased, and the chaunt of the choristers was not mournful, but fraught with praise and rejoicing sounds. And "dost thou sleep awhile, on thy earthly pillow, dear innocent?" I exclaimed, "ere thou shalt awake to a glorious morning? Are these spring flowers the emblems of thy faded sweets, which an endless spring to come, shall call into bloom, and fragrance? Yes; thy parents weep and lament, but thou shalt rejoice. We commit thee with regret to the cold ground, because we see no further; but thou goest where the sun scorcheth not, and where tears are dried up for ever. Thou art indeed gone 'to the land of the liel,' gone in thy

native simplicity, gone in thy unspotted garb of innocence, gone unknowing and unknown, from a world of wretchedness and of crime." It is thy birth, and not thy death, that these worthy people are celebrating.

Convinced that when the innocent die, we should rejoice, that the parent, or the brother should exult, and shed only tears of joy, at the translation of a child, or of a sister, from the mansions of misery to the realms of bliss, I returned gravely and pensively to my hotel, where I found mighty matter to confirm me in my opinion.

I dined at the table d'hôte. A very interesting young creature came in, not to serve us at table, but to see that we were properly attended. I bowed to her as she passed, with a degree of interest, mingled with respect,—that interest which female beauty and female attention always inspires, and that respect which manhood ever offers

to a softer, a fairer, and a dependent sex, which enchants by its meekness, and which governs by its claim to protection.

"Gentlemen, are you satisfied with your fare?" said she, in a chord of sympathy, humility, and plaintiveness, which made every fibre of my frame vibrate friendship and gratitude. "Ask the question of those mild eyes," replied I, "whose kindness and condescension not only wish to please, but gild endeavour with such bright charms that lowly fare would be delicious with such a welcome." She heaved a sigh; then looked half kind, half indignant; and answered in a very mild tone, "Monsieur est plaisant." "Perish the man!" exclaimed I (a little warm, with beauty, wine and melting sentiment) "who would dare to profane your ear with deceit or irony, with insincerity or guilty presumption."

My next neighbour (an Englishman) now plucked me by the sleeve, and motioned me to be silent. "Can I have offended that

modest creature?" said I, half indignant at myself. He informed me that the fair creature, who had just left the room, covered with blushes and trembling, and who had only just seen her sixteenth summer, had fallen a sacrifice to the arts of a seducer, who after poisoning her mind, and winning her over by promises, which he had not the least intention to keep, had abandoned her. Her parents had indulgently overlooked her fault, and received her into their house; but self-approbation and self-esteem had left her for ever. She was no longer the gay, innocent creature, the favourite and the object of the highest consideration in the house. She had fallen from her respectability in every eye, and most of all in her own. The curious look questioned her; the pointed finger was levelled at her; the pious pitied her; the voluptuary sought after her; she had incessantly to blush for herself, or for others; an old acquaintance was a reproach to her;

a new face caused her alarm. What a state was hers! she had been a thousand times better in exile than at home.

" Had you known her one year ago," said the gentleman who informed me of her wrongs, " you would scarcely have thought her the same person. The sportive lamb was not more frolicsome, or more innocent; that faded cheek which now bears the pale livery of ruin, was then fresh as the damask rose; that ripening lip, scarcely opened but to a smile; those dejected eyes sparkled like the brightest stars; there was a composure on her brow and a tranquillity in her bosom which now are fled never to return."

I could hear no more; but with anguish in my heart, and imprecations on my lips against the ruffian who had robbed her of her repose, I withdrew to my chamber. The scenes of the morning and of the evening passed sadly, in contrasted review, before my imagination. " Happy,"

thought I to myself, "happy, thrice happy this sweet unfortunate, had she occupied the place of that departed innocent whose felicitous translation to a better world I witnessed but a few hours ago! Happy had it been for her had she left this scene of deceit ere her attractions had led to her undoing—ere she had lost that gem which best befits an immortal diadem."

I now committed myself to my couch, but not to rest; and well might I have said with my uncle Toby, "I wish Trim——I wish I was asleep;" but sleep was not that night for

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Nº XLIII.

SOCIETY IN EDINBURGH.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies.

GOLDSMITH.

SOCIETY IN EDINBURGH.

A MAN who travels through a country with the broad eye of curiosity fully expanded, but with only few human sympathies and affections, may well be fastidious; he may find Scotland cold, barren, and ungenial; and the sooner he turns his back upon her, the better for both. He has already turned his back on social life: therefore *bon voyage* any where he pleases.

A traveller of this description once found out that Scotland was far inferior to England, that Edinburgh was not London, that Scotsmen were very free in shaking hands with

strangers (this might be making free with themselves in some instances), that the ladies talked in a high key, that the women were garrulous, that public places were ill frequented, that the prevalence of black coats made all assemblies look like funerals, that if a man neither wanted law, physic, nor the benefit of the clergy, he had nothing to do in the Edinburgh "at homes," "conversaziones," or balls; and that the Sunday was a day of mourning, and the kirk-going folks looked not only as if they were going to a burial, but as if they were going to bury themselves.

It is, however, not very difficult to explain all these imputations to the Caledonian, nor to account for the habits and the state of society in his metropolis.

And, first, the Scot is naturally drawn towards the stranger; he meets him in the attitude of kindness; he receives him in the pure language and deportment of hospitality; when he opens his hand to him his

house is equally the welcome place of his reception; nor does he take half his life to get acquainted with him: therefore he shakes him by the hand, and takes him to his confidence as far as is necessary for all the purposes of festivity, and for all the ends of general society. There is also another reason for this giving of the hand, in token of welcome and of protection. The remains of old border-inroads, and of the embers of the feudal system, have made this pledge a habit; and no where is the pledge more faithfully kept than in Scotland. Where is there a firmer ally, a more devoted partizan?

Now, we should like to be informed, what there is either immoral or indecorous in a custom which unites the links of the social chain still closer, which reminds us of being all brethren of the same great family, and which cultivates urbanity until it produces friendship, and matures friendship, until it grows into the plenitude of the warmest philanthropy? We may also

ask, whether the travelling stranger has not, in other countries, frequently felt the want of being taken by the hand? Whether he has not suffered under a national prejudice against him? The honest Scot has himself often severely felt this, whilst he is too generous to retaliate on his neighbours.

Secondly; as to the ladies talking in a high key, it requires very little observation to know that each country has its music, its accent, and its dialect; and not only every country, but every county. Edinburgh has, of course, its vernacular—not worse than that of London; but, in the first circles, the *travelled* Scots are the same as the people of fashion every where else,—not less gentle, not less prepossessing, but rather kinder and more urbane than most of their neighbours.

It has been observed, and with truth, that the parents of some of the most elegant women in Scotland are somewhat less refined, have the Scottish accent in speaking,

and have not had the advantages (if such they be) of dancing waltzes, of wearing Turkish trowsers, and of giving masquerades, and "at homes;" but, as an off-set for these deficiencies, these worthy domestic matrons are less acquainted with gaming and with *crim. con.* trials than their more dashing sisters of the South. These respectable mothers of families have had less intercourse with warmer climates; and the Continent being so long shut up, maternity and the passage of the meridian of life have taken from them the taste for going abroad, and have deprived them of the levity of French manners, and of the *pastiche* hump on their backs; having no protuberances but such as graceful and bountiful nature may have given them for her wisest purposes.

The reason why the public places of Edinburgh are not thronged as they are in London and Paris, is, that the industry and economy of the middling and lower orders

of society impose a self-controul upon them, which nearly excludes the latter,* and compresses the former within discretion's bounds, which induce them to frequent the theatre and other places of public resort, only when peculiar merit is in the performer, or in the piece performed. As to the higher classes, they make their brief appearance at fashion's haunts and in fashion's late hour, like the *beau monde* elsewhere; whilst the thin assemblies in public, amply increase the influx of company in private parties, which are no where more numerous, more festive, or more general, than in Edinburgh. Even in the middle class, the family dinners and extensive friendly parties exceed those in London, if we bear in mind the riches and the popu-

* The unfrequency of robbery, house-breaking, &c. in Edinburgh, may probably be accounted for by the spirit of self-denial in this, and other pleasures above the reach of the lowest classes.

lation of the two cities: and with respect to the votaries of Bacchus, I fear they cannot complain of auld Reekie, for I am of Ferguson's opinion, who says—

" I'm fain to think the joys the same
In London town as here at hame,
What folk o' ilka age and name,
'Baith blind an' cripple,
Forgather aft'—O fy for shame!
To drink and tipple."

I am sorry that the black coats of professional men should have caused dark reflections to the fastidious traveller, but in a town which is the centre of science, and where the students of the grave and learned professions are in such numbers, it would be hard to change their wise and sober habits, and still more unjust to exclude them entirely from society, although I am aware that learning and morality are no very welcome guests in the haunts of levity and inordinate gallantry.

The charge against the features of the Scottish Sunday has less of falsehood than the other accusations. There would be no harm in a more cheerful appearance of devotion; there are even scriptural authorities which inform us, when we fast and pray, not to assume the external display of either: but Sandie is a quiet, grave, discreet chield, and he too has his little quotation, in support of his Sabbath gravity. Moreover, this accusation does not fall upon the ultras in fashion, any more in Edinburgh, than elsewhere.

Lastly; in answer to a remark, on the mad and melancholy seasons of the year in Edinburgh, a very few words are necessary. In many countries there is a carnival: the Scot has his. The humbler class has its saturnalia confined to the deft days, which conclude the one, and commence the other year. In the higher classes, the winter begins with their session of parliament, and their amusements proceed with that win-

ter, even more faithfully than in the great metropolis; for, when May lengthens the day, and the face of nature invites man to contemplate her works—when the country smiles, and the nights are contracted, society lets down the fever of dissipation by air and exercise, and the rational Scot is loth to close his lattice on the sun, or to consume so much of his time in sleep, in table excess, in morning orgies, or in walks and rides after dark. His habits and his purse, his education and his economy, have rarely permitted him to sleep in the afternoon before breakfast, or to dress two hours by candle light for a dinner party. He is content that elsewhere the *soi-disant* fashionable should leave the primrose to wither in the rural scene, and turn his back upon the violet, for the dust and rattle of coaches in town; or, after a look at some watering-place, just arrive in time for the *memento mori* of the fall of the leaf, drawing the sad yet salutary reflection which it

offers as opposed to the adjourned dissipation of afternoon breakfasts, and eight o'clock dinners, and potent libations in the country! To the lover of nature and of science, to the scholar, the sage, and the philosopher, the decision of the two modes of living is left by

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Nº XLIV.

LADY GRIZELDA M'TAB'S BALL.

Where yet the *title* stands in tarnish'd gold.

POPE.

LADY GRIZELDA M'TAB'S BALL.

"WHAT will your ladyship have for dinner?" said Jessy, (her female fac totum,) with a hungry look and a broad anxious eye. "Parritch," replied Lady Grizelda, in broad Scotch; not that she could not talk as *high-English* as any one, but that when she meant to be kind and condescending to her inferiors—to persuade the lower order, or to be confidential and without pretensions, she stooped to the vernacular of Auld Reekie. "Humph," quoth Jessy, whose interior echoed the word in a hollow tone; for Jessy, as well as her lady mis-

tress, had had an egg and a glass of toast and water for dinner the day before,—Jessy's toast differing a little from that of her mistress, for Lady Grizelda's was burned bread immersed in the limpid stream, whilst Jessey's was pure callar water, and her toast was "The de'el tak thae quality goings-on."

Now, it must be made known to the reader, that this day was the vigil of a grand ball to be given by her ladyship to all the beauty and fashion of Edinburgh, and all her numerous quality cousins and companions; not forgetting the law-legion which came in by dozens, like clauses in a deed or agreement, to swell the list and to increase the expense. Three hundred cards of invitation had been issued on this important occasion; and her house had literally been turned inside out, in order to prepare it for this grand *let off*, the report of which, Lady Grizelda was aware, would spread far and near.

Three weeks had been occupied in making ornamental knick-knackeries for her suite of fanciful apartments, ornamental hangings, transparencies, arches of evergreens, festoons, drawings, chalkings, &c. and three nieces were all this time employed in uniting the efforts of their taste to give effect to this fancy scene. No money was spared upon the occasion; although dealt out with economy, and made to go the further by the loan of the united plate of six cousins, and by her floors being chalked by a poor relation.

Lady Grizelda had much to accomplish by this ball and supper; for, first, it was long talked of, and must answer all expectations: secondly, she had the honor of her title and noble family to support,—albeit the former rested upon courtesy, and the latter was supported by government pension, yet there was nobility and antiquity enough in both, and neither must be disgraced. Six suits of livery were, therefore,

pulled out of an old chest, aired and brushed up, and were to be made to fit five mercenary *flunkies*, in addition to her ladyship's old family footman, page and butler—being one and the same representative of servitude in the house.

The drilling of the liveried recruits was left to Andra; and the table turn-out was all rehearsed in models and ticketed cards, by way of dishes and supper ornaments, by the commander in-chief (Lady Grizelda) and by her three female aides-de-camp. Above all, Andra was ordered to speak high English in announcing the nobility as they arrived; and his repeating lieutenant, a smart footboy out of place, was instructed to give audibility to each title of marquess, earl, lord, lady, Sir Alexander, the baron (a law lord,) and even to the private gentlemen bearing the names of their estates, even should the estate be sold, because a name goes a great way; for instance, Dalmaglashing, Balmagash, Lavrock Hill, Stoney

Castle, Tinabyers, Glenburnie, Invercraigie or New Park!—why, the gentlemen would be nothing without them!

But it is high time to introduce our reader to Lady Grizelda. Her ladyship stands about five feet ten and a half in her shoes, is as upright as a serjeant's pike, as thin as a hard run greyhound, and has so strong a profile, and so national withal, that it resembles one side of a Lochabar battle-axe. If high cheek bones are marks of being high bred and born, her ladyship has the highest pretensions on that head, and—as to points about her, she is all points together. A supercilious look indicates the quality of old maid, who has either entirely overlooked our sex, (perhaps from retaliation,) or cannot stoop to the ordinary race of beings. A flaxen wig surmounting her argent crest (once fire red) completes her picture.

The ball-night now arrived, and a fast preceded it, in order to make her three nieces the fitter for dancing, to keep her

domestics active and keen, and hersel' cool and collected. The frugal egg and toast and water was the family fare. Indeed Andra had been so *egged* on this week, that he felt scarcely able to bear the yoke of servitude. The maids too had nothing but a shake down for their couch, all the furniture being displaced. A couple such balls would have proved fatal to her ladyship's domestics.

At eleven o'clock at night, a blaze of light and an open door, proclaimed that her ladyship was at home; and by midnight, a battalion of chairmen showed to all the town that Lady Grizelda M'Tab received company.

The party was divided into three orders of beings; the professionals, the *moderées* and the *ultras* of fashion. The black corps of law and physic looked deadly to purse and constitution; they mustered very strong, and were made up partly of relatives, and partly of entertaining friends. The *mo-*

derées were antiquated nobility and decent gentry of the old school, who dropped in at, or before eleven; and who came to take a hand at cards, or to see their children and grandchildren dance, and to shake hands with some threescore cousins, and connections with whom they were certain to meet. The *ultras* were the travelled nobility of the country, together with their shades and imitations, their sycophants and copies, who served as caricatures to these living pictures of *haut ton* and elegance. These arrived from midnight, until two in the morning, and came only to lounge, to waltz, and to cut up their acquaintance. The ultra's ladies heads were built up in such castles of braids, hair-bows, ornamental combs, brilliant crescents (no conjugal reflections, this ornament being one of the East and not of the North,) feathers, flowers, &c. that the small women were extinguished under them, whilst the materialists were like elephants bearing castles.

When the magnificent suite of apartments were filled, the ladies with their tower head-dresses recalled to mind the Tower of Babel; for there was a variety of tongues, the broad Scotch of the antiquaries, the half and half of the moderées, the lisp, the insipid, the drawl, and the hyper-English of the ultras and their followers. The leading features, however, of the society were winning smiles, modest beauty, engaging deportment, and numerous families.

Nowhere was more agility displayed than in the youthful dancers. Sun-bright eyes, with complexions, which to look on was to love, contrasted by raven or dark auburn air, were frequently apparent in the mazes of the dance: such northern lights are attractive beyond expression. Next came the mild, the humid, full blue eye, with glossy light-brown hair, and that complexion of repose, whose quietude tells the heart that its best interests lie there, that there its affections may rest, nor seek for

further happiness. Lastly, the November tints of declining Flora, blooming in neglect, like wall-flowers beyond the reach of Hymen's hand, stood, statue like, against the hangings of the apartment, glared the forced smile, pouted the faded lip, joined mentally in the dance, or accepted, with urbanity and gratitude, the hand of the elderly advocate, the juvenile complaisant clerk to the signet, or the related hanger-on student.

Now turn to the groupes of lookers-on, the knots of criticisers, and the files of connoisseurs. Quizzing-glasses are up; and looks fall upon ankles, ivory necks, and well-turned shoulders. What an ordeal for the fair to pass through! Some dance with all their hearts, and some with all their minds. The untravelled Caledonian maid is nature's child: she shines the Terpsichore of the reel. The travelled, practised beauty, studies each attitude and glance, and conquers in the artful waltz. Returned emi-

grants strike in the quadrille; whilst the moderates do their best in the English country dance.

And now the supper is announced! What buzzing, what arming, what seeking of partners, and what looking out for table companions! How are the eyes at work! Hope, fear, delight, anxiety and doubt, all reign in this little moment.—The supper is of the best. It is well chosen and befitting the table of a person of quality. The wines are exquisite; but the Lady Grizelda is not obtrusive in pressing them on her male friends. An *ultra* remarks, that the champagne has the taste of *Revenez-y*; and the ill natured ones say, that the negus is *water-proof.* But barring these two remarks, every one goes away at day-light, delighted with the urbanity, the kindness, the welcome and the hospitality, of their Lady Hostess, who has put herself at no inconsiderable expense to please her friends. —Nor was the fête without its effect; for

some made mischief, and some made matches, in consequence thereof.

" Gang to bed, children," cries her ladyship, to her household troops, giving them a glass of wine each. They retire with a sigh. A great load is off their minds, a very little one is on their stomachs.—Now do her ladyship and nieces collect the ends of wax tapers, gather together the fragments of the feast, and unite the remains of bottles in comely decanters for another day,—this will be a rare week for the calls of country cousins! And they will not fail to make kind enquiries after her ladyship's health. The carnival will be short, and Lent must succeed it.

Well, it was one happy night! one splendid banquet! The wish to please overcame, upon this occasion, every other passion; and, after all, what are Lady Grizelda's reflections after this costly treat? What the difference betwixt herself and the most expensive dame at the west end of the

British metropolis? The former can reflect with satisfaction, on having made a return, to her numerous entertaining friends, can flatter herself with standing on the record of fashionable parties, without any injury to herself or to her neighbours. A highland visit, or a prolongation of abstinence, will soon make up the expenditure of the feast; whilst Lady Squander is ruining herself by her parties in quick time, and either falls a self-devoted victim, at the shrine of fashion, or visits the continent, until time or death wipes off her debts, and leaves her unpaid tradesmen literally "to pay the Piper," of her fancy ball.

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

N° XLV.

THE MARCH.

Now give the hautboys breath.
He comes, he comes

DRYDEN.

THE MARCH.

The pomp and circumstance of war, are not amongst the least of the attractions in the military profession. Divest our martial bands of the royal standard, the gaudy apparel, the soul inspiring drum, the merry fife, and the swelling sounds of harmony which attend the votaries of Mars in all their movements, and such a damp would be cast on the Soldier's heart that nothing but the idea of death and danger would be present to his mind. The flutterer in the gay circle, who like the rare and foreign bird owes his fortune to his feathers, might

flit awhile on fashion's wing, and sun his plumage in the meridian ray of youth, but the signal of departure would throw a sepulchral pall over his hopes, leaving him nothing to look forward to, but hostile climates, wounds, weather shocks, and carnage. The invention of martial music was therefore a most wise one, and upon no occasion has it more influence than on that of the March.

I have often been an idle spectator of a regiment's marching off from their last quarters, and I confess I never witnessed the scene without multiplied and divided interest strongly shaded with melancholy. What a variety of feeling is there in this one little moving scene! Love, hope, fear, uncertainty, resignation, triumph, honor, danger, ambition, and martial glory! How many chords connected with these sensations vibrate simultaneously at the first stroke of the drum, at the first breath given to the hautboy, the clarionet, the horn, the

trumpet and bassoon! How many hearts and hopes may hang on the last word "March," which puts the column into motion! And you, dear and interesting daughters of Albion, nature's softest and fairest work—you whose smiles give added brightness to the laurel wreath, and whose praises enhance the victor's prize, how are your sympathies awakened in this eventful moment, on which may hinge your present felicity and your future lots! But let us enter a little into the detail of the March.

To view the countenances of both officers and men, is well worth a studier of nature, of an observer of the varied drama of life. Lavater, Gall and Spurzheim might here borrow a page from every countenance wherewith to swell their book; but the page of life is inexhaustible, ever similar yet ever new; ever representing the same imperfect sketches of man, yet ever increasing in experience and useful lore.

See in the foremost post, the laurelled hero of many a year's servitude, and of

many a gory field. Stern resignation sits upon his brow: calmness and composure command his eye. He has seen so many changes, that the attraction of novelty has lost its charm for him. Duty is the leading feature of his countenance. Undazzled by externals, and unappalled by perils, onward he moves with the marked character of dignity. His march in life cannot be long: the abated lustre of his eye tells you so. Farewell setting sun of victory! And well betide thee on thy road down life's sharp precipice!

Not far from the veteran, view the bantling of fortune, or of premature interest! Mark his peaceful sabre glitter in the sun! How fresh, how fair his prospects! How gracefully he wears the military garb! How shining his epaulettes!, how polished his maiden sabre! Ladies, guard your hearts! there is more of Cupid than of Mars in this warrior. Intrepid in love and self admiring, new conquests of hearts are his ambition, for a scar would be fatal to such a face.

"Devil may care where we go;" cries Tipperary Pat; or, if he says not so, a saucy eye and a *dégagè* deportment tell you the fact. He knows his value too, and so does his country in the hot hour of trial: but on the March, new faces, fresh tick and fresh quarters are all he looks for. That mercurial constitution, that restless mind, that changeful fancy, and that easy accommodating heart, fit him wonderfully for the profession of arms. Pat is a soldier of *great promis e* in every acceptation of the term; but probably no one feels *le depart* less than he; and if some unwelcome and incautious tradesman put him not in mind of it, it passes off in the gayest possible manner. 'Tis but an airing to Pat; and fresh air is very necessary to his constitution.

More cautious and more divided in his sentiments, Sandy obeys the call of his profession. There is a loftiness of bearing which informs you that he must do honor to his native place. There is a looking up

to his colours which keeps him steady and upright in his road through life, albeit there lies before him many an adventurous and thorny path ; but with all this high carriage, you can discover no passion in the eye, but rather a subjugation of will, a submission to circumstance, a temperate sense of duty. He discovers that uncertainty is ever in his van ; and a portion of regret lingers in his parting steps. He looks grave ; and his eye declines inquiry. Silence is seated on his lips ; and gravity, amidst this display of the pomp and pride of martial parade, is the leading feature of his character.

He knows that he cannot deliberate ; choice is not in the soldier's dictionary ; and he makes the best of it, with calmness, although the laws of honor call him

> " ———— to some far distant shore,
> May be to return to Lochabar no more."

That Fashionable views the March with

an anxious, yet a fearful eye. The drum and trumpet are busy and indiscreet heralds of the captain's move. The silence of the mid-night march, by a pale moon-beam, might better have suited the temper of his mind, or the state of his exchequer. Such a man always remains too long in a quarter; pleasurable habits attach him to the spot; and it is well for him, if stronger attachments impede not his gay career, and clip not the wings of his vanity.

The merry air has struck up; the drum drowns care; locomotion cheats busy inquirers; and I am glad that the Captain's safe.

Yon blooming youth who bears the regimental colours, smiles not in sincerity. He carries with him the broken shaft of love; nor will time or chance, absence, or comrades' mirth prove a cure. You may see in such a face the lines of aching care; the March bears him from the seat of his affections; but a soldier's destiny and a

soldier's fortune, fight against him. A younger son, without money, cannot propose; honour forbids him to ally his poverty to one who is dear to him—to impose hardships on the tender form of youth and loveliness. His seems a hard fate; but he bears it like a man; nor does he move unperceived. Reciprocal regret follows him; and many an unheard sigh furnishes an accompaniment to the martial notes which precede the march, leading the one to death, the other to advancement and victory. Such is the lottery of war. A bullet or a barony, death or a dukedom, may be the ticket drawn, a short but merry life, or a long career of unremitted hardships terminated in premature age, neglect and oblivion.

Less ceremonious, those merry lads in worsted lace, have borne off half the beauties of the town. Young wives just entering on their hard career, groan on the baggage waggons; whilst many a broken

link of plighted faith, many a violated promise, and love engagement, given to the ruined, will stand in record against the last regiment. Tears and sighs glide unperceived and forgotten together; slighted advice, and parents' warning, furnish living examples of the want of attention to them; but the time is gone by, and with it the authors of those woes. Easy hearted fair ones! trust not the sash and gorget, the soldier's promise, or the scarlet coat.

And now, having followed the regiment out of town, and marked the motions of duty, of well deserving, of vanity, of love, of hesitation, of grave reflection, and of deep regret, of giddy seeking after novelty and of avoiding duns,——having considered how many friendships have dawned with the acquaintance of these gay lads in their last quarters, how many loves linger in the circles where first warm smiles and sun bright eyes found a passage to the Soldier's heart, and proved the vulnerable part of his

being, how many pretty girls remain yet unmarried, how many bills unpaid,——let no one consider the march as a trifling and unimportant circumstance. Wives and mothers know the contrary. Parents and guardians, uncles and aunts, masters, and mistresses can tell another story.

And so can you, dimple cheeked laughing-eyed bride of the honey moon, ere you see a few years, nay, perhaps one short campaign. The rose may quit that cheek, the fire may be wholly extinguished in that eye, death perhaps may sever those two faithful hearts which uphold each other in mutual difficulty, in danger, and in all the vicissitudes of a brief career. The faithful soldier's love is a noble task. He who has given each corner of his heart to love and glory, who can bleed like a hero, yet feel like a man, who can contemplate with courage the cannon's jaws of flame, yet shed the tear over his orphan babe, or feel all those heart-rending interests and anxieties which

mark the married state, which occupy by turns, the husband and the parent, he who is true in love and brave in war, can never be an object of indifference to the man of honor, or to the patriot. Such a one will bear with him the lively interests of his grateful country. The pious and fervid orisons of beauty will be poured for him in every enterprize of life. His will be the march of honor. His steps will be those of hardihood and high desert. The laurel, the myrtle and the rose, the flowers of love and the ever-green of conquest sit well on his brow,

"So should desert in Arms be crowned."

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

N° XLVI.

FASHION.

Strenua nos exercet inertia.

HORAT.

FASHION.

"POOR Sir Marmaduke!" exclaimed Lady Racket, talking of Sir Marmaduke Modish; "I have known that *man* (laying an emphasis on the word)—I have known that man these twenty years (her ladyship forgot a dozen,) and he is as young in intellect and experience as he was the first day of our acquaintance, though time has been annually furrowing his cheek until it looks intersected with lines like a map of Europe. He cannot be very far short of seventy; yet he affects the giddiness of a boy, flirts and flutters like a coxcomb of one and

twenty, and wishes to pass for not more than fifty. Can any thing be more ridiculous than to see him tripping it after Lady Lucy Lackmind and philandering with girls of sixteen?"

"Or," added another, "playing four hours together with his poodle dog, or reading novels all the morning in bed; then sallying forth perfumed like a milliner, and giving lectures upon the last fashions; or sitting four hours at his toilette, and inventing something *tout a fait nouveau* in the way of a cravat-tie, or some such important matter. The very town is tired of his face, and his tradespeople, such as his taylor and boot maker, although they make little fortunes by him, cannot help being disgusted at his tryings on and alterations, and 'how do I look in that?' and all the rest of the trouble he gives. By the by, how old may this superannuated infant be?"

"For my part," said Lord Latimer, "I

candidly own to sixty-three, and I will swear that the Baronet was come to man's estate when I was a boy at College." (Here the peer cast the balance of years in his own favor a little more than stubborn truth could have borne him out in.) "What is to me the most ridiculous," continued he, "is the variety of characters and costumes in which I have seen him; Proteus or the Cameleon are nothing to Sir Marmaduke's metamorphoses; and there is nothing which he is so afraid of, as appearing old fashioned. Little is he aware that his seamstress and his valet-de-chambre, not forgetting his stay-maker, make a laughing stock of him."

"Well may we say that pride feels no pain," added Lady Latimer, "for the poor gentleman (with a tone of mingled pity and contempt) puts himself to the rack daily in order to pass for being still young. Such strangling with starch and cravat stiffeners! such pressing his wrinkles upwards! such

springs of his odoriferous peruke! such lacing and girthing in! such padding and plumping of his poor meagre person! such pinching and crippling of feet! and after all he's enough to frighten the crows!"

"A *charge de revanche*," exclaimed Lady Racket, "for the crows and the worms frighten him most amazingly, altho' he must come to one of the party at last." Here a general laugh testified the esteem and good opinion of the company.

"Pray," said I to Lord Latimer, "is not Sir Marmaduke a very old friend of your family?" "A very old acquaintance," replied he, "for it is impossible for such a man to be a friend. The creature has no quality but that which a patent gave him; no one good qualification but that of dress; no conversation but the court calendar, or a list of modish tradesmen; nothing to recommend him beyond a gross of rings, seals, broaches and gold snuff-boxes. But

when I think of the extremes of ultra fashion in which I have seen him indulge for so many years, they really make me laugh. He has, in the last sixty years, acted the French Count, the Newmarket jockey, the rakish *negligè*, the tricked out *merveilleux*, the cossack, the insipid and the exquisite. At one period his poor paper noddle was lost in the capes of a great coat, and in the folds of a dozen under waistcoats; at another he has had his neck like a goose's in length and appearance. One year his chin disappeared in a feather-bed neckcloth; another year you might see the whole of it grinning through a horse-collar, surmounting a coat in which the remainder of his person was served up. At one period of his *valuable existence*, he was caricatured for a hat like a parasol; at another he was laughed at in the print shops with a thing on his head, the epitome of a hat, whose brim was about the breadth of the ghost of our silver coin, the sixpences without value

or impression. Half a century ago his coat would have taken in a whole family, and had the air of a Greenwich pensioner's uniform; now his dress frock scarcely takes in half of his spare person, altho' his taylor's bill *takes in* the extent of his purse pretty well. Five and twenty years ago, he could scarcely walk in his leathern *culottes*, and looked like a monkey in a spencer; five years ago he was lost in his cossack pantaloons, and looked like a bear in a kersute pelisse; a few months since, I thought that a strayed poney was running after me, when the Baronet came up with me clattering his iron-shod donkey heels, and ringing his gold spurs; and 'tother day I mistook him for an aged lady, in a furred pelisse and stiff stays."

"No reflections on old ladies, if you please," interrupted Mrs.Marchmont; "age is honorable." "Not age like the Baronet's; but you must observe, that when an old man looks like an old woman dressed up

à la moderne, neither his age nor sex are respectable, or any recommendation.——— But here he comes! poor old frump! Now for his leer and drawl, which formerly was a lisp and a volubility of rapid delivery, for he changes his manners as often as his habits. Now for false teeth, spring wig, odours, paint, washes, dyed whiskers, cosmetics and artificials of all kinds and complexions. Now for *l'aimable folie*, trifling small talk, playing with his boots or flacking a hand whip; for fidgeting and head-tossing, affected inattention to others, and studied attention *to self*, with divers other conceits and fantasies so *becoming* in one of his appearance and time of life. But let us play upon him fairly; and persuade him that he looks as well as ever. Nothing delights him so much."

"Your most obedient, Sir Marmaduke; upon my life you must have been to the bath of beauty, or to the renovating mill, for you look younger and fresher every

day. Why I do not see the slighest alteration in you for these thirty years, and I think that it is quite as much as that since we were first acquainted." (Sir Marmaduke.) "Not quite so lòng, hang it; no no! long enough, some twenty; it is a monstrous time; but then, if a fellow takes care of himself, he may last a little longer than a common man; climate and dissipation hurt some people; but to be sure I have been a little *étourdie*——a bit of a *roué*, (an unnatural smile,) but I'm grown wiser; they do say that I wear pretty well, ("pretty *well worn*," whispered a giddy girl to the peer;) but I am now labouring under a sad cold caught at the ball; thin shoes, and one must see the fine women to their carriages; a tax no doubt! but one pays it with pleasure."————A smile of disdain sat upon every face.

After this the company played off the old gentleman unmercifully. I felt quite uncomfortable at this exposure of age and imbeci-

lity, and took the first favourable opportunity of escaping from this severe circle. I could not help reflecting on what had passed, as I took my morning stroll, and mingling pity very strongly with the disgust which such a character as Sir Marmaduke must inspire.

When we consider a large part of a century passed upon earth, in which the intellectual being has exhibited no alteration or improvement but that of the cut of a sleeve or the capacity of a coat, the number or tightness of waistcoats, or the last pattern of a pair of pantaloons, we naturally ask of what utility the qualities of the mind have been to such a man? What benefit he has derived from a being so eminently above the brute creation, whose change of coat is effected with not half the trouble and none of the expense of that of the biped, whose worthless existence reduces him below the minor class of animals. It is piteous indeed, when we see the noblest work of the crea-

tion, man, grow grey in folly and in nothingness, when we contemplate this effigy of immortality as vain as the gaudy peacock, as tricky and frivolous as the detestable monkey, as empty as the jack-daw, and as artificial as the jay in the fable, despoiled of his borrowed plumage. Age, unaccompanied by wisdom, and unattended by virtue, is a deplorable spectacle. To see fashion's spectre still haunt the giddy circles, and hover in the cold shades of oblivion and contempt, is a sorry sight indeed; for what can give value to added years, and illumine the fading flame of life, unless it be the reflection of experience, the immortal influence of science and virtue, the regard which we ought to have for the good which a man has done in such a lapse of time, the regret that his useful career is so near it's close, the attention which age claims from youth in return for instruction, edification and example. But alas! poor Sir Marmaduke has none of

these; he has long survived respect. He is a blank in the book of humanity, and has probably never afforded even one moral lesson, until he accidentally came for a few minutes under the notice of

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

Nº XLVII.

THE SCOT'S FIRE SIDE.

NEW YEAR.

The cordial greetings of the soul
  Were visible in every face,
Affection void of all controul,
  Govern'd with a resistless grace.

BLOOMFIELD.

THE SCOT'S FIRE SIDE.

And now six and thirty cousins have been embraced; cards of congratulation have been exchanged; all the dependants have received some tokens of kindness; and the numerous family is assembled round the fire.

The mother looks proudly on her many bairns, thinking at least that she has quantity, if not quality in her family; but she has room in her heart for all of them. The husband has a care-worn face, lit up by a smile, a placid forehead, but a very keen enquiring eye. He knows how to make

himself baith loved and feared by his children. He looks like an anxious shepherd over his flock. There is all the master in his air, yet fondness shines across assumed severity, of which there is not an iota more than necessary for keeping up the family drill. The eldest daughter is deputy governess of the castle; the chief government being divided betwixt the elderly couple. Therefore has Annie a little step above the rest; whilst wee Johnny is a little the more indulged, on account of his being the last born, and the increase of children having ended with him.

Barring, however, the little weight which greater confidence throws into the scale in favour of the elder, and a little leaning to the child of this honest couple's old age, there is no undue favour or affection shown to any of the children. The father casts his parental eye over them, "hegh, hegh!" cries he, thinking what a fight he has had to bring up such a family.

Now Annie has been attending to pies, custards, and tarts; she has cast an eye over the cook's concerns; the turkey, she thinks, will be roasted to a turn; and her own confectionery, she expects, will be praised to the skies. She has been drilling the aukward highland footboy, in order that he should make the best appearance in his new livery, and wait like a town flunkey, that the family may not be affronted before their rich cousin the general, just come from India, with plenty o' siller, and in whose eyes (some how or other), she wishes to have merit. 'Tis a pity that Annie is turning a little old, for Annie would mak' a discreet wife.

Jane has just come in from her morning round. She salutes her father, who looks with much affection on her. She is not so handsome as Margaret; but then, she has much more to say for hersel: she has a deal o' mither-wit, and a pretty arch way of telling her story.

Now all the family are assembled; the general is announced; and the dinner circle is formed. The father looks round with a self-approving smile, and counts, in silence, his bairns—no less than twelve. Hegh, hegh! but Sandie and Donald, and Andrew are not there. This costs a sigh. —But Sandie is fighting his country's battles in the east, and expects to be included in the next brevet; and Donald, who is a strapping fellow, is fighting by his side; and their patron Lord —— has promised not to lose sight of him until he gets a company.—Poor Andrew died like a hero at Waterloo. Well, 'twas better to have a glorious son, and to give him to the state, than to have a disgraceful one who should be a stain on his family. This reflection cheers him, and chases the coming tear. He has no blot in his escutcheon.

The bottle circulates briskly; and, with it, the jest. The female tongues are not

paralized, but run as if no anti-attrition were necessary to their main spring.—And now the females have left the table. Papa tells his male companions "how he has seen the day," and what success he has had in war and in love; but he takes care to name the latter to the old general in a semitone, lest his cousin should overhear him, or his boys be scandalized. And then he praises the good qualities of his daughters, and sincerely wishes them married. None of them, however, are yet off his hands, but Ellen, who has made a good match. The laird o' Glen Eagle seems to have a fancy for Betsey; but he's very long in declaring himself.

Now reels are announced. There are three-score assembled. Behold the jealousies of the girls about getting cousin Chairley, the captain, and uncle John, the rich writer, for partners! Now such frisking and bounding, such nimble footing and agile attitudes, such dancing, and snapping of fingers (amongst the men), that you would

think their very hearts were in their feet. The reel may be thought a very simple piece of business; but it's no such thing; there is a vast deal of exertion, female flirting, exhibition of strength and activity, and even a complete national character in this national dance.

Suffice it to say on this occasion, that jealous looks and partial preferences were shewn in the reel,—which, for a passing moment, caused dry answers and cold looks betwixt relatives; but all was soon right. A rival easily perceived the increased interest which fair Susan discovered in setting, to the captain; and a neglected lovely one was aware that the laird doubled in activity and enterprize, when dancing opposite cousin Betty. The lawyer seemed to have an eye to a rich aunt, and danced languidly with all the others; and the eldest daughter was fearful and anxious that the general should acquit himself decently.

The head of the house, nerved with good

port and Madeira, and elated with a glass of peatreekit, rose like the oak in the forest, in the pride and fullness of its branches, and took out the faithful partner of thirty years. Attention—was the word, Faither and Mother sailed, rather than danced through the reel. Faither's head got light with whiskey and innocent and honourable remembrance of the days of lang syne. But, if the head were light, the foot betrayed its director, and the aged sinew forgot its usual elasticity. Some stood clear; and on more than one giddy countenance, the titter of derision tried to steal; but a grave look from a sister, a fond and dutiful reflection, punished the wanton lip and eye, and gave a transitory pang to the bosom, whispering, at the same time in the ear, "what a good father he has been to thee! what an upright man! how beloved! how respected! how honest! how venerable! What will these charms—these feet—these ancles of thine be at sixty-six?" Truth triumphed, and a beam of

joy, enriched by dutiful affection, shone in every face as it met that of the father of the family, whilst increased rapidity of pulse vibrated in his children's veins, as they turned their friend and father.

The dance is o'er.—The auld general proposed kissing of partners; but he was of the old school; the custom is obsolete. The girls said that the very idea was hor—ri—ble.

The supper succeeded; Jane sung very pathetically; and every thing promises the perpetuation of the family; since the general is to take Annie, Jane is to have the captain, and the laird and lawyer have both made proposals, all of which particulars were communicated, with much exultation, by one of the clan, to

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Nº XLVIII.

THE REWARD OF VALOUR

A jewel in a ten times barr'd up chest,
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE REWARD OF VALOUR.

ATTENDING a county meeting, I was saluted by many well known, and by some almost forgotten acquaintances. Having left home in order to attend the University of Oxford, my vacations being passed chiefly at Bath, and becoming afterwards too much a being of habit to be able to get further than ten miles from the attractions of the capital, a whole quarter of a century had passed without my revisiting my native spot.

How many revolutions had occurred in the country! how many changes in families

and properties! how had sickness, ruin, and mortality ravaged the circle of my former intimates! there was something sad and awful in this return to the home of my fathers, from which I had been separated by circumstances for so long a time.

Any one who has experienced the like sensation will readily account for it. When the duties imposed upon the soldier, the sailor and the merchant, or even less laudable and imperious obligations have driven him from his country, and the spot of his nativity; what unaccountable events and mutations take place ere he return again! with how much hope, fear, doubt and anxiety does his bosom beat as he draws near his natal place! Is it altered? Is it improved or dilapidated? Does the old parsonage house stand yet? The lime tree alley?——have rapacious hands destroyed it? The antique oak——is it quite a leafless trunk? Then have his playmates, male and female, grown into beauty and prospe-

rity? Or have sickness, adversity, and the thousand other chequers in life, altered or obliterated them quite? Then one has heard that the Squire's lovely daughter is married: is she happy? A Mary, or a Margaret, a Lucy, or an Agnes are now mothers of a numerous offspring! what a wreck! smiles and dimples, warm looks and rosy complexions, glossy tresses and playful tricks are now sunk into sedateness, withered into paleness, care-worn, nay, perhaps disfigured by furrows marked by the hand of time. The village publican who has failed; the merry blacksmith whose rude mirth and jocund notes are heard no more ——all these are objects of high interest, and of heart-striking moment, to the traveller in life's varied journey, on his approach to what was once his home.

My pulse vibrated with all these divided feelings. Many an ebb and flow, passed to and from the centre of vitality; many a cheering, and many a saddening thought

came from the seat of sensibility; I shall not, however, trespass further on the reader's time or patience; but bring him directly to the county dinner, at which he may expect to find a mixture of company, and to see me saluted by the altered companions of my youth, as well as introduced to many new faces.

There were few very great men here. Lord Gallomanie, the principal landholder, was on his travels; Sir Simon Sulky, the lieutenant of the county, had a political quarrel with one of the members, and would not meet him. The other member was a *nouveau parvenu* brought in by gold, and had risen from nothing, to the honour of being a senatorial cypher, a hard landlord, and an unpopular neighbour. The rector was confined by the gout; and the lessee of the tythes, was almost afraid to show himself. The whole meeting therefore consisted of sporting squires, prolific

curates, humbugging medical men, and smooth crafty lawyers.

Distinct from all these, I remarked a plain looking man, about fifty, who seemed to receive the tribute of universal esteem, the merited incense of honest applause. Every where openings were made in order to give him a seat; every where did the eye and the hand motion him to approach; rival glasses foamed to the brim, to pledge him in rosy wine; expanding hearts and hands met him at every turn. Without nobility of appearance, the substitution of modesty and gravity, ennobled and lent a grace to his homely form. He sat in a high seat without presumption; he assumed it with diffidence; he maintained it with ease and dignity; all voices gave it to him, and he raised no envy by it's occupation.

At entering the room, he had favoured me with a kind nod, and had stretched out his hand to meet mine. His look of worth made me readily return the kindness; but,

I had not the smallest recollection of his face. He addressed me twice at table with much respect. I felt that I scarcely merited it from so popular a character; and as my right-hand neighbour, the town clerk, was deaf, and my left-hand one was an entire stranger, I was still kept in ignorance as to who he was; I heard imperfectly that he had received his freedom some time before; and an honest farmer said loud enough to be heard by every one at table, "Zooks, I wish our worthy town's man (looking towards him as he spoke,) had 'a stood for the county, instead of the rat and the wool-pack we have got."

A number of noisy, loyal, and popular toasts were given, followed by as many loyal tunes. When "Rule Britannia" was played, every eye was on him—who could he be? shortly after this his health was drank, with the most flattering testimonies of esteem and admiration; peals of applause rung around him; regard glowed on every

cheek; a becoming suffusion of crimson mantled on his own, and he thanked his friends and admirers in the simple expressions of nature, which no studied eloquence can match. He said, "that words were insufficient, to deliver the feelings of his heart; all he could say was, that he trusted he had always done his duty, and not dishonoured the country, nor the kind friends whom he should be ever proud to own."

There is in virtue and merit a rare charm. They not only command the meed of praise, but envy flies before their lustre. Now praise became enthusiasm; friendship turned to devotion; the shock was electric; all was rapture in the convivial circle. I then discovered the character who had drawn forth this extatic burst. He was a naval hero, covered with wounds and bright distinctions; which, however, modesty had forbidden him to deck himself with that day. He had fought, bled, and conquered in his country's cause. Born in an humble sphere,

he had quitted his birth-place at a boyish age, and had endured numberless perils and privations, pains and hardships, in quest of that fame which as the immortal bard finely says,

> Is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
> To scan delights and live laborious days.
>
> MILTON'S LYCIDAS.

Never did I feel so completely a Briton! nor was I ever more proud of being one, than on this thrilling occasion. To be raised by our country's gratitude to a pitch so much above the common level of man, to call the admiring eye, and to inspire a kingdom's panegyric, are encouragements indeed to deeds of daring. For such a crown, co-eval with time, what monarch would not be happy to quit his inactive throne, and share the seaman's dangers? And it is the just boast of an Englishman, that a numerous band of such naval heroes

spring incessantly from Britania's bosom: may she ever cherish them! may she ever reward them! and oh! may no grovelling, short-sighted policy induce her legislators to slight them for a moment! May no trenching pettifogging hand ever touch her sacred bulwarks! they are our safety, they are our pride!

The short story of this naval hero is concluded by stating that he had given his life from fifteen to fifty to his king and country; and that success in prizes had added independence to glory, and furnished the means of doing good to the generous heart. His humble parents were then handsomely provided for; and he had now nothing more to gain here below; having earned those laurels which crown an immaculate reputation and an invincible spirit.

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N° XLIX.

TRUTH AND TACITURNITY.

Can men their inward faculties controul?
Is not the tongue an index to the soul?

BRAMSTON.

TRUTH AND TACITURNITY.

Truth and taciturnity are the favourite qualities of the Scot. He values them for two reasons; first, on account of their intrinsic worth, and secondly, on account of their great utility to himself. He is a lover of truth, because, in the long run, truth is easiest and best. On the one hand, it does him credit: on the other, it saves him from many scrapes and exposures into which more dashing characters, who hazard their reputation from the ambition either of being witty, or of appearing greater than they really are, so frequently fall.

With the Scot truth and silence play into each other's hands, because where the truth is hazardous, silence is certainly most safe. But silence has another excellent property: it is like a negative virtue which assumes the shape of an active and actual good quality; for it makes a man appear by turns, well bred, sensible, brave, moderate, and well informed on subjects of which he is totally ignorant.

A very unequivocal proof of real good breeding is the knowledge of "how to listen to another." "*Il sait ecouter*," is a bright and *rare* quality in a Frenchman; to him "*Il sait se taire*" is a sort of a boast. Amongst the ladies it would be a *vain* one; but there is nothing more amiable than bestowing the silence of attention on a person who is speaking. If the speaker be an aged person, there is almost a religious duty in it; if of higher rank than ourselves, it is a courtesy,—perchance a painful one, yet it is a necessary sacrifice to polite so-

ciety; should the orator be able to instruct or to edify us, the task of silence is repaid tenfold; if he be an ignorant coxcomb, we may still learn one lesson from him, namely, to avoid similar empty garrulity; if we punish self-love, by not taking the lead in conversation, we at least obtain time to reflect on what may be proper to say, or not to say, at an after period.

In an argument, the man who is to make the reply has a great advantage, from his adversary's laying open his game to him, as it were; and on this account Sandy likes to *wait a wee*, until he has thus made himself doubly master of his subject; imprimis, from his own foreknowledge of it, and next from the errors of his opponents.

One day as I was getting my hair cut, by a more than usually prattling Scotch hair-dresser in Edinburgh, he informed me, that when he was in London, he saved up a good purse in order to see every thing, and taking a very handsome wardrobe with him,

a gold watch, a ring and a quizzing-glass, he passed a whole month in a boarding-house, as a private gentleman of fortune. "How did you manage that, Mac?" said I, almost ready to add, "For thou art a Scandinavian, and thy tongue betrayeth thee." "Why, Sir," replied he, with a transient blush, but with the determined lines of reflection on his countenance, aware of his mean stature and broad dialect, "I was aye dressed in mourning, and I seldom or ever opened my mouth at table." This confirmed me in my former opinion of Scottish prudence and taciturnity, and of the intimate connection of the two.

Touching truth, when it is dangerous, the Scot either looks significantly without speaking, which you may interpret as you please; or, he affects not to understand you, that he may make no answer; or finally, he walks off unoffending, and without uttering a word.—The Highlander, for instance, is a sad hand at speaking English,

when it may commit him; but when it is to answer his purpose, he will run on fast enough, should it cost him all the pantomimic possible in order to be understood, or expose him to laughter by mistaking the masculine for the feminine gender, just as ignorant John Bull does in French; for the Highlander calls his fire-lock and his claymore, *she*, as well as his house and his bagpipe, although his wife be *he*, probably from wearing the breeches, whilst he wears the kilt. But, after all, what right has a foreigner to know these distinctions?

If the Scot, either Highlander or Lowlander, be forced to make an answer, when he understands not the business before him, or when the measure is fraught with peril to himself or his employers, (for he is faithful to both,) he will give such a reply as shall throw you off your guard, or go to work in such a circuitous way that there is no getting round him.

I remember a Highlander, who spoke

very few words of English, being sentry on a fort. His orders were to allow no one to pass without giving the countersign. The Fort Major approached him and demanded entrance. Lachlan M'Lachlan knew him; but yet his orders were positive, and Lachlan '*buid* to be *catious*,' 'to *mak sicker*,' so he pretended not to know him. On demanding the countersign, the Fort Major told him that he had forgotten it; but as he must know his person he might let him pass. Lachlan replied in a stern tone, and with a violent grunt at the end of his sentence—an *ough*, meaning, "there's for you! take your answer! Do you take me for a novice?" (for these Highland expletives are more expressive and significant than the Greek ones.) "I know no-body," laying great stress on the last word. "I am the Fort Major," replied the other, in a tone of expostulation. "Weel," said Lachlan, in a cool and discreet tone, "I dare say, Sir, it will be a vary guid place, but you'll

no win in the night without the countersign." Lachlan proved to be right; and was highly commended by the Fort Major himself, the ensuing day.

A proof of discretion, even in a person of deranged intellect, occurs in the instance of Lord ——, who, after having made the tour of Europe, swore that there was not such a soil, a garden, a house, fruit, flowers, or any thing else abroad, as he had on his estate in Scotland. Coming to the article of grapes, "you'll surely give them up to France," cried his numerous opponents. He here saw derision in every countenance. Coming to the recover, therefore, he observed in a *douce* discreet tone of voice, "by no means; but, gentlemen, I premise by telling you that I like them a *wee sour*:" the whole of the sentence syllabled and quietly drawn out in the urbane tone of gentle and arch persuasion.

But, to conclude, nothing can be a greater instance of the silence, the solemn delibe-

ration, and reflective property of the Scot, than the answer which another Scotch peer, now no more, made to an account of the ingratitude of a person towards him. The speaker gently touched on the magnitude of the injury: the peer appeared unmoved. Encouraged by the absence of passion and indignation, the former proceeded to state the acts of ingratitude: the peer was silent. He next ventured to detail the personalities: not a muscle of the peer was deranged. His gross abuse of his lordship: still no reply. The injury intended, was lastly, fully detailed: his lordship yet remained wrapt in silence and reflection. The informant now pondered as to what was to be the result of this information:—was the peer's silence that true revenge which collects all its forces ere it proceed to deliberate on punishment? Was it the pause of doubt? Was it a pardon of the offence? Contempt? Stupefaction?—it was none of them, it was wisdom and circumspection.

The Peer, at length, broke silence with a sigh; yet it was a sigh of unsuffering composure; it was more full of pity for the offender, than for the offended. "I cannot, for the life of me," said he, "think why this man should slander me thus, for I do not recollect ever doing him a service in my life." He made no further observation on the subject; but took his measures against his man. This was, perhaps, better than giving way to passion; yet, though not remarkably irritable, I fear his example would scarcely have been followed, in an instance of similar provocation, by

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

No L.

A VALUABLE CHARACTER.

I know the thing that's most uncommon
(Envy be silent and attend!)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

POPE.

A VALUABLE CHARACTER.

"*La sua boca*
Sana qual che tocca,"

is an Italian proverb, which is used more as an idle compliment than as any thing else. Like the "*vous etes trop bon,*" of the French, it generally means nothing, but the Roman has the advantage over the Gaul in his compliment; the former being possible, the other impossible.———

There exists, however, a character with which I have the happiness to be acquainted, to whom this Italian proverb is wholly applicable. The tongue of good report, is the only one which she possesses; nor is she, like many of our good sort of people, either

an apologist for vice, or for that species of negative or rather of deceitful praise, which qualifies eulogy with a fatal *but*, or flatters the victim in order to make its sacrifice more certain. Neither is she the envious adulator, whose panegyric is only an encouragement in error, with the view of triumphing by an after comparison, or of immolating a rival at the shrine of self-love; nor finally, is she the base enemy, who, under the guise of friendship, pays the homage of flattery as a mere hoax, and with the view of rendering the poor gull an object of amusement.

Of the first species, namely, the apologists for vice, there are very many in high life; nor must their seeming humanity and kindliness be mistaken for these real virtues. Their praise, or rather their apologies, for another, are merely a varnish whereby to cover their own defects. The libertine, for instance, deplores Mrs. Townley's *faux pas*, and assures you that *à cela près*, she is an

excellent woman; that her heart is uncorrupted, and that her being married so young, and to a man so much more advanced in years than herself, a man too of tyrannical jealous temper, must be an apology for her *imprudence*. The spendthrift can see no dishonesty in a brother prodigal's ruining a host of tradesmen, building his fashion and importance on the labour of the poor; and tearing the enjoyment of his own luxurious habits from the sighs and tears of the widow, or the imprisoned mechanic. The man of pseudo sentiment and courtly gallantry, regrets the susceptibility of Lady Languish, which has led her into a fatal error from bestowing her affection so credulously, on a person unworthy of such a heart; and he can also pity the male seducer, whose extreme youth, and volatile disposition have involved him in a love scrape, because with him appearance is every thing, and morality an empty name.

Of negative praisers, we have impostors

and hypocrites in all countries; who, with a *mais*, or a but, a *neànmoins*, or an however, destroy the edifice of perfection which they seem to build up for another. "My Lord is the best of men, if he could but give up his excessive intemperance,"--which *soit dit en passant*, they know, although they do not say it, renders him a complete brute, and which, aided by sleep, occupies three fourths of his life, and obscures every ray of intellect, making him wholly worthless and useless among mankind. My Lady is a charitable good hearted creature, but the world does certainly say that her connection with Sir Derby Dangle, is too palpable; nay, the Colonel is considered as a *ci-devant* paramour of her's—in plain English, she is a promiscuous voluptuary, and her false praiser wishes all the world to know it.

Equally culpable with these, are the eulogists, who commend to destroy, and those who play upon the weak and unsus-

pecting for the amusement of themselves, and their severe detracting circle. The one flatters Lady Winter that she has the most attracting bloom of youth, that she really mellows in beauty, and ripens in attractions with increasing years, that her hair is arranged with a *gout* unparalleled in the annals of fashion, and that her dress is the acme of good taste and judicious arrangement. At the same time the serpent insinuates how partial a certain noble lord is to her ladyship, and how many admirers and rivals the last quadrille ball has procured her. Poor Lady Winter doubles the blushes of her rouge in consequence, dresses herself *à outrance*, betrays a *tendre*, and spreads her net for a libertine who laughs at her. Her age without experience, and her heated fancy devoid of all wisdom, deceive her into making herself superlatively and conspicuously ridiculous, which completes the triumph of envy, hatred, inflated, pride,

and uncharitableness, and she is at last lost in society, and public opinion.

The *moqueur*, blind to his own imperfections, borrows a lustre from the deformity of a neighbour's mind or person; and rises by trampling humanity under foot. The comparison of imperfection, places worthlessness on stilts, or rather diverts the eye to another object of derision, and by the amusement which scandal or ridicule unfailingly produces, imposes upon the *particeps criminis* in this case, who sports with another's ruin, nay, induces them to consider the person hoaxing or playing off an absentee as a very entertaining and witty character. Yet can any thing be more offending to the laws of honor and humanity.

In contradistinction to these monsters, I shall now name my friend. Mrs. Mildmay has ever had in view the very best moral lesson which a poet can offer, namely that

of Boileau, who teaches us—"*D'être doux pour tout autre, et rigoureux pour soi.*" In consequence thereof, she seeks not only to soften every asperity in society, but to cement every bond of amity which nature and wisdom have formed in order to mak us happy upon earth. The tone of her voice is that of one speaking pleasantness and comfort to her friends. A half retreating, yet very kind deportment, tells you, "I do not live for my own self-praise or selfish pleasures, but I will come amongst you, if you think me worthy, to heal your infirmities, to reconcile your variances, to screen you from each other's censure, and to put you all in good humour, first with yourselves, and next with your neighbours!" If she hear a tale of scandal, she will turn aside the subject, and with a smile, discourage the traducer, by putting some good quality of the detracted party, or some benefit bestowed on his detractor, in opposition to the harsh sentences pronounced

against him; she will conjure the party to be less severe, or she will blame detraction in general, without asperity or personality; finally, she will prove that such uncharitableness makes her feel ill at her ease, and by with-holding the meed of praise, so often prostituted by being given to calumny, will discourage the continuance of this criminal amusement.

In uncertain overtures, which are made by the artful in order to draw out an unfavourable opinion of another, she has always some qualification ready, some antidote against the poison of an evil tongue, which neutralizes its venom, and heals its deadly wound. Has she an opportunity to praise, her panegyric is so free from self-interest, so generous, so warm, that the object of it borrows merit from the medium through which it passes, as the flower gains beauty and expansion from the ripening ray of the orb of day, which warms it into notice and perfection. Bad must be the case or cha-

racter indeed which meets her silence, to which she cannot lend some apologetic grace, in order to mitigate the shades of its imperfection. Her silence is the most solemn and final sentence of condemnation, since her tongue is a stranger to reproach, her lips incapable of unkindness or of evil expression.

It will, very naturally, be enquired, whether the graces of the body have equalled, in her, the beauty of the mind. We must candidly answer, "No;" but there is nothing deformed, repulsive, coarse, ungraceful, or homely in her appearance. A fine figure, benign eye, smiling lip and serene forehead, serve to apologize, if apology be necessary, for the absence of a fine complexion, and alluring looks. Transcendent modesty not only interests, in her, at the very first sight, but lends a dignity to her deportment which canvases an interest in every heart, and which appals the eye of daring and triumphant vice. In short,

could any painter faithfully pourtray the lady who is the subject of this imperfect sketch, and infuse a due proportion of mind into the picture, all would acknowledge that there may be, " Something than beauty dearer," and would probably learn to look on the original with as much admiration as she always excites in the breast of

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No LI.

TWAL O'CLOCK; OR, THE RIGHTS OF FRIENDSHIP ON NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

" That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty winds;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' sheds a heart inspiring steam;
The luntin pipe and sneeshin mill,
Are handed round wi' right guid will;
The cantie auld folks crackan crouse,
The young anes rantin thro' the house."

BURNS.

" Long ere the lingering dawn of that blithe morn
Which ushers in the year, the roosting cock,
Flapping his wings, repeats his larum shrill;
But on that morn, no busy flail obeys
His rousing call; no sounds but sounds of joy
Salute the year,—the first foot's entering step,
That sudden on the floor is welcome heard,
Ere blushing maids have braided up their hair;
The laugh, *the hearty kiss*, the good new year
Pronounced with honest warmth."

GRAHAM.

'TWAL O'CLOCK; OR, THE RIGHTS OF FRIENDSHIP ON NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

BELVIDERA never said to Jaffier, "remember twelve!" in a more impassioned tone than the Scottish lass *trysts* her lad at that eventful hour on new year's morning.

At twelve o'clock, a new era is commenced, and the circle of past months has died away. The elderly moralist lingers in thought on this departed period. He compares it with the declining sand of his hour glass. He thinks on the many suns which have arisen and set upon him, the variety of seasons which have witnessed his journey thro' life, the many summers and winters

which have scorched his brow, blanched his cheek, and silvered over his hoary locks; he thinks how strength and power have declined, and how beauties and honors have faded away with himself and others, leaving no trace behind.

The young adventurer, whether male or female, who has but just reached the meridian of youth, who has just put the little bark to sea, who blooms only in promise of a glorious summer, looks not back, but lives in expectation of many more youthful pleasurable days and years. To such a one, time seems to hobble; his scythe appears like an old man's crutch; his hourglass freezes in its passage. Fain would the youthful expectant lash on the chariot horses of the departing sun, in order to see the nimble race of one impetuous day.

In polished circles, the family party, strengthened by particular friends and wide spreading connexions, (for no where does the family tree shoot its branches wider or

with more honor to the stem than in Scotland,) is assembled round the supper table. —Eleven has struck.—The joke, the smile, and the mantling glass, circulate with the winged moments. The eye of vigilant severity is closed like the benighted flower. The busy hour of twelve, is to call new loves, new friendships, and fresh pledges of regard, and adherence into life and action.

It is a tremulous moment for many an anxious bosom, whose beating, like the movement of a watch, marks the increasing moments, and wavers betwixt hope and fear, lest any intruder should first make that offering of regard which she prizes from one alone.

It is a merry second to the father of a family, or to the jovial guest, who rises, all heart, to salute his friends and favorites, to give a fillip to the pulse of age, and to pour the votive benediction over a beloved progeny.

It is a time of reminiscence to the happy

wife and mother, whose eyes glisten with lustre borrowed from the treasures of memory, and who has an arch something in her countenance, half devout and half voluptuous. The new year's kiss from husband and children has all its virtue and price with her.

And now are frolic and fancy both at work to promote the interest of the heart, and to play arch tricks and merry conceits on some object marked out for mirth. Here is an uncouth country kinsman placed next to an antique aunt, or an unattractive cousin, who has passed unsaluted, and unsolicited for years. On the other side of him is placed the *domine*, perhaps; so that he has nobody to salute but the auld maid. Opposite him is all the artillery of pawkie een, and the "becks and winks and wreathed smiles, such as dwell on Hebe's cheek"—the titters and inuendoes of lovely ones in their teens. There is no retreating, and the silly loon must pass thro' the ordeal.

Aunt Margaret and cousin Tibby ken it weel, and try to shift their place. But then will the arch beauties also make a move, so as to keep the object of their sport betwixt the granny and the *domine.*

Now is the honest undisguised roar, and the full deep tone of mirth, admissible even in good company, because liberty and ancient custom give the sanction of time and truth to the usage.

Now, however, must delicious kisses be enjoyed with modesty, and little mortifications be borne with gracefulness and equanimity. Sometimes the sly beauty leaves the table, and takes her stand near a door where he who has to enter is previously known to her. In what a flutter is her youthful pulse for fear of a mistake! for she has two objects in this arrangement: first, the object of her choice; and secondly, that of letting the embrace pass unobserved.

As we should never slight "the humble

annals of the poor," we must travel, in thought, to the outer door, and there behold Jenny or Peggy looking out "for the lad they loo best," and ready to give and take the *premices* of the new year discreetly, and without muckle din. Should a superior or a master arrive, instead of trysted Jemmie, they may be flattered, but they will not be delighted. "Keep tryst" (which we confess, from certain associations, pleases us beyond keep your appointment) is then the national motto; and those who violate the promise must be faithless nymphs and swains.

"Delays are dangerous in love;" mistakes may be fatal on this exhilarating occasion. It is a sad reproach to the honest bosom of sincerity, which sinks with dejection, whilst the sunbright eye is overcast, and the features bespeak faded hope, to hear "Sae, sae, bonny lassie, your lad has mistrysted you!" May these scenes of viola-

ted promise and wounded affection be far, far from all the sons and daughters of Caledonia!

And you, ye frozen Stoics, ye souls of apathy, whom "man delighteth not, nor woman either"—ye who can mark the distance which chance, perhaps, has placed betwixt you and your fellow men, darken not the lightsome merry scenes of Scotland's *Hogmany*. Your closets and retirement are fitter for you than the haunts of mirth, and better "suit the gloomy purpose of your souls."

But all ye blithesome lads and lasses, whoe'er ye be, who tread on heather, or who cull the forest flowers—ye mountain children, lowland lads and lasses, or merry borderers, may ye first salute or be saluted by them who have the first place in your hearts! May no mortifying mistakes dim your een, or shed more than nature's common crimson on your blooming cheeks! May the busy hour of midnight bear the

gilded, yet steady reflection of the morn! May mirth steer clear of intemperance; and may frolic not put off the mask of native innocence! May the joys of this year be only the jocund heralds and happy forerunners of many succeeding ones! May youth improve and mature; and old age be preserved and respected! May a happy blending of "the myrtle of Venus and Bacchus's vine" be arranged with that economy which wisdom and chaste love will dictate to their followers; and, whilst you strew flowers over your past paths and opening prospects, may the fruits of your enjoyment be peace! plenty! harmony and festivity! and may ye accept this heartfelt wish, as a sincere and votive offering from

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

Nº LII.

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

Good humour with good sense together join;
To err is human, to forgive divine.

POPE.

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

I HAVE often wondered, on examining numerous married couples of my acquaintance, and on looking into the interior of families, to find so many conjugal breaches and separations, so many coolnesses and family strifes, so many alienations of affection, and divorcements of natural ties, and so few reconciliations, or comings together again. No where, scarcely, can we meet with a cemented division, a healed family sore, a made-up-quarrel, or a coolness changed into absolute affection; and yet we have every where preachers and teachers of

christian charity, every where mediators and peace-makers, mutual and common friends, experienced advisers, and officious offerers of good offices. It may not, therefore, be unuseful to enquire a little how this comes to pass.

Charity is in every one's mouth; but in very few people's hearts. We can part with a trifling superfluity, to an indigent brother, but that is not true charity. It is but one, and that a trifling feature of charity. We can allow our name to be put in a subscription list for more than we can afford; but that differs so far from the virtue of charity, that it is a vice very opposite to it; namely ostentation: whereas silence, discretion, modesty, humility and concealment are very leading features of this divine attribute.

In like manner we talk incessantly of forgiving injuries, when we merely endure them painfully, or pass them over with

half subdued pride, and dormant resentment. We pretend that we can forgive, but not forget. This is both false and monstrous. There is no necessity for forgetting. We ought to remember that it was our parent, our child, our husband, our brother, who injured us; but we ought to remember it for the purpose of recollecting that he who injured us, was frail like ourselves; more prone to error than to wisdom, blinded by false appearances, and a slave to his passions. Recollect the injury; but let it be in due relation to the proximity of natural ties which teaches you to pardon as you yourself hope for mercy: nay, the doing so, places you on 'vantage ground; for you have acquired additional ties to the love of your neighbour, by the good you are ever ready to do him, and the injury is cancelled by your humble imitation of the Deity.

But where do we find this? Florio and his wife were separated; but kind friends have brought them together. Florio's errors

and gallantries were innumerable; but his partner promised to receive him in the arms of unaltered and forgiving love, to forget the past, to blot out all former unfavourable impressions: Is it really so? No—Low spirits, reserve, ill subdued resentment, and ill stifled recollection imbitter every hour of privacy. To preserve silence, is an awful task to woman; and if upon every occasion of suspicion, want of attention, or loss of temper, her lips utter not the language of reproach, her looks and conduct can yet convey it to the heart. Is this re-union? Certainly not.

Fidelio is married to a beautiful woman. She has agonized his soul with just cause of jealousy; she has run a round of pleasurable dissipation, thereby injuring his fortune and disturbing his peace; but Amanda, in the loveliness of penitent affection, in the fulness of a generous heart, in the candour of all powerful truth, has besought him with prayers and tears to look upon her,

humbled before him, to forget the past, to root from his heart the thorn which she had there placed, and to take her once more to his confidence and love. Overcome by these invincible witchcrafts, by the delightful and legitimate enchantment of repentant goodness, of beauty jewelled in tears, he has received her to his roof, his society, and his friendship,—he has placed her again on the eminence on which she stood in society, and bestowed on her his protection. But has he reinstated her in his esteem? Has he enthroned her in his heart? Has he considered her with still more kindness, because, cast at his mercy, she is doubly his; because, weaker than she was at first, she must be lost without his support; because, self-wounded, and self-accusing, she is fearfully anxious to preserve this second-born love? No—he eyes her with jealousy and suspicion, he keeps her in retirement, he governs her with grave and cold severity, he checks

her continually, and, in fine, cannot restore his confidence to her, nor, looking back with a tear to what he once thought her, bless Heaven and her, that she was not lost entirely.

Honoria has had her pride wounded by the companion of her youth, her bosom friend, her more than sister: they were long at variance. Florinda met her more than half way on the sweet path of reconciliation. A mutual friend joined their hands in amity; and reciprocal words of concession and reconciliation have passed between them. But their hearts are still at a distance from each other.

The fury of the passions, had raised a feud betwixt Albert and Honestus, although allied in relationship and love. They have agreed to drown all animosity in the generous bowl. They have met, embraced, and spoken heroically to each other. Albert has even uttered this noble sentiment, " Honestus, I love thee more

than ever, since I have an opportunity of forgiving thee." But the fever of heroism is past; form has usurped the place of fond habit; distance and alienation appear in one countenance; mortified pride and severed brotherhood, lurk in the other. They think that they are reconciled; but they are not so.

Lothario, a reformed rake, has made a marriage of conscience, an alliance of reparation. He has taken for his wife, the victim of his former perfidy, and restored to society her whom his guilty passion had for a long time condemned to painful anxious retirement. But does he honour her with his esteem? does he fondly and proudly cherish in his bosom the wounded dove, which owes its existence to his relenting and fostering hand? No—he lords it over her; she is his captive; he looks down upon her; he with-holds from her that which is dearest to her, his esteem; and why? because he has not completed the

sacrifice of her peace of mind by leaving her the lost degraded being which his perfidy, his deceit, and broken vows had once made her. Is this pardon? honor? truth, or common honesty? It is a mockery of them.

In all these false appearances of reconciliation, or matches of reparation, the predominant quality vitiates the compact. The pride of the party pretending to forgive, or only half performing a retributive act of justice, basely tries to triumph and tyrannize over its fallen victim, or its humbler brother. Nature submits on the other hand; but offended honour, dealt meanly with, by this deceitful play of forgiveness and generosity, recoils at such treatment; the frost of disappointment nips the reviving flower of love; and it blooms no more, however fair in promise.

We invariably see proud wives, reigning imperiously over their reclaimed and fallen lords, who hate them in return: so that the

door which is honestly opened to reconciliation, is now doubly barred by the narrow policy and paltry triumph of a mean conqueror, betraying the captive into the snare, which a show of clemency and promised oblivion have lain for him.

In like manner returning woman finds no sincere friend or protector here below; but becomes the mere servant or household drudge of him whose idol she once was, and to whom she has twice given herself, first by inclination, and next by heartfelt contrition and self-prostration before his mercy and his power.

To the fair sex it may be useful to hint how vain it is to conceive, that man, the lord of the creation, will accept a state of merciless captivity, in lieu of the whole heart, the boundless confidence, the restored consideration, the steady and unassuming duty of a wife, not elate with triumph, nor self-important by fulfilling the object of her calling, and one of the first and most im-

posing lessons of morality. This certainly is not "the way to keep him," for it is easier to surprise the affections than to regain them, and easier to regain them than to preserve them. The softest looks, the kindest words, the tenderest cares and attentions, the most unsuspecting behaviour, the appearance of added respect, can alone accomplish this. All half measures in this way, all qualified, patched-up, ill-united associations, must fall to the ground, and may engender contempt or despair; but never can erect the altar of peace on the desolated spot where error first overturned her hopes. In like manner, all half meetings of returned friendship, all junctions of hand without heart, all promised forgiveness, charming on the lip, whilst coldness dwells in the heart, is but an insult to religion, a mimicry of morality, a want of real generosity, and a recorded act of consummate hypocrisy.

Whilst I trace these lines, and consider

the particular objects who have given rise to them, I am forced to own that such nobility of conduct is very rare, here on earth; whilst the want of it stains our nature, and imbitters many an hour which wisdom and humanity might have rendered sweet.

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

No LIII.

THE ROUGH DIAMOND.

And sure the deadliest foe to virtue's flame,
The worst of evils is *perverted shame*.

BROWN.

THE ROUGH DIAMOND.

"THE devil take you, you idiot!—leave the room;—what do you come blundering in for, like a stupid brute as you are?—Quit the room, I say," cried old Moody to his aged servant man. The poor fellow looked humbly and kindly at his master, in return for this brutality, and drew the door to, as carefully as if he feared that the very wind might disturb him. In about half a minute he returned, scarcely daring to re-open the door, and said gently, but very confidently, "Here's the poor widow, Sir: what am I to say to her?" "Tell her, David,

that she's a canting old —— ; tell her she shall hear from me one day more than she likes! — a chattering old gossip, that can't hold her tongue a minute, but must be telling every body she knows, of any trifle that is done for her." "Dear me, bless his heart!" muttered David, as he went down stairs.

Such contradictions struck me as very singular and unaccountable. Chance had once made me an inmate of the same house with Mr. Moody; he had always appeared to me a complete misanthropist, and I had avoided him in consequence; but there was something so surprising in all this, that I was resolved to get to the bottom of it. I accordingly bribed David by a few attentions, and soon learned from him his master's character and history, which indeed the honest fellow was very proud of letting me into.

Heir to a large estate at the death of his father, Mr. Moody was flattered and courted

by every one. He possessed a natural bluntness and rough honesty; but these were checkered with much native wit, and gilded over with the warmest benevolence. At his father's demise, he found his estate greatly encumbered, and claims of every sort against the deceased. Most of the latter, the inheritor had the power of evading; and he might, by raising his rents, and marrying a rich merchant's daughter, have soon repaired the ruin of his fortune: but he loved his tenants too well to distress them, and the latter he did not love well enough to feel sure of making her happy, and he was too honest to deceive her. He accordingly sold his estate, except a portion of land occupied by some old and infirm persons; and he not only paid every one of his father's debts, but took a number of his pensioners upon himself, amongst whom was David, his body-servant.

Leaving himself without a shilling, he now embarked in a mercantile speculation,

which succeeded so completely as to gain him a second fortune. Previous, however, to this enterprize, he had thrown himself upon his numerous sunshine friends, in order to obtain something through their patronage. Many of them had been essentially served by his father, and owed their advancement, nay, some of them their very fortunes to him ; but he found every one of them desert him in the hour of trial. He had himself lent sums of money to gay and dissipated youths of all countries and of all professions ; yet half of them now pleaded poverty, and did not even return what they owed, while the others avoided him, and shunned his company, paying with an ill grace the loan, but wholly forgetting the obligation, and much more that reciprocity of kindness and service which former acts of friendship justly demanded.

From a social turn and a degree of homespun mother wit, peculiar to his family, he now assumed a retired aspect, a suspicious

brow, rude speech and repulsive manners; yet was his heart taken by surprise, both abroad and at home, innumerable times. Only beat in his rugged sentinel at the door of utterance—oppose mildness and patience to his harsh manner or reproachful air, and the avenues of his philanthropy, and then the high road to all his tenderest sympathies will lie unguarded before you.

Operose were his undertakings, painful and fatiguing his toils, to gain a fortune; yet never did man love money less than he. Indeed he was but the faithful treasurer of it for others; for in doing unknown good lay all his happiness and enjoyment, and his reproach to the widow was for speaking the services which he had rendered to her. On his return to England with plenty of money, he designed to lay his fortune and his heart at the feet of a poor relation's daughter; but she refused him for a gayer lover and a red coat. He now took and educated a neighbour's child: but after set-

ting his heart upon it, it died. On this occasion he was heard to say, "Hang the child" (this he no more *meant* than the man unborn,) "why did it ever wind itself round my heart?" This last word was spoken with the strongest and most emphatic accent of affection: he added, "What's the use of money to those who have nobody to give it to?"

In friendship he had been so often made the dupe of his own unsuspecting mind, that in time he learnt to suspect every man; yet he ceased not to love his fellow creatures, or to serve them. Meeting one of his old pensioners looking very pale, he addressed him, (my reader must pardon the expression,) with "D——n you, what makes you look so pale? you'll not take any thing to do you good: Davey tells me that you haven't the heart to buy proper things; and if wine be over dear for you, its not over dear for me; you've nothing to do but to ask Davey, and you can have what you

want; if a pound a week be over little take twa." The man now blessed him. "Hold your nonsense!" exclaimed he, quite angry; "I don't do all this to please you; I do it because it pleases myself. Who the devil can see a fellow creature suffer, and keep any thing in his purse?" On the occasion of the servant's bursting into the room, his master was only angry with himself, because he was caught in tears whilst reading an affecting poem; and he was once met on the turnpike road, having left his carriage, and travelling on foot, in order to conduct a lamb which had strayed from its mother, back to the place whence it had wandered. When the sheep approached him with loud bleatings and enquiring looks; he exclaimed, "Plague take the lamb, what business had it to follow my carriage?" But his countenance beamed delight at having restored the innocent animal to its mother. Nor did his benevolence stop here. With his tears, with his gold, with his blood, would

he have succoured the heedless wanderer from the right path; the deluded, the betrayed fair one: for his was a soul of fire issuing from all the dross, and gloomy offensiveness of the coal that surrounds it—a gem unbosomed in the coarsest clay, a spark latent in the roughest flint, sharp, rugged, uncouth, and repellant; but once struck, warm, luminous, cheering and serviceable.

Whilst yet feebly tracing his picture, I cannot sufficiently regret his assumed, unnatural exterior—the oath, or the offensive speech which preceded his acts of benevolence, and seemed to condemn his feeling heart, which fain would accuse himself for what alone he seemed to live for. Was it pride? Was it shame? Was it an angry mood? or was it mere habit? It was all combined. Too proud to seem liable to be deceived, he affected misanthropy and a want of feeling. Ashamed of being often betrayed and played upon, he scowled and frowned at the very remembrance of man's

ingratitude. Fettered by a most detestable habit of swearing, without the least intention of injury or profaneness, he thus made his ill speech and gross habit an off-reckoning to bring up his head-way of benevolence —a reproach to himself, lest he should be too tender, too kind, too bending, or too bountiful to ungrateful man.

Could the disgusting chaff of ill speech and unbecoming manner be separated from the rich grain of charity, ever springing up in fruits of virtue and good deeds—could this vice of habit, but not of criminal enjoyment, be abstracted from a life of the most generous beneficence—could the harsh and unseemly casket be taken from the jewel within, Mr. Moody would be "a man in deed!" But, alas! where is perfection in this perishable world?

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

No. LIV.

THE NAVY LIEUTENANT.

Si fractus illabatur Orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.
HORAT.

THE NAVY LIEUTENANT.

To the wealthy merchant who views his stately vessel, calmly and undisturbedly ride over the world of waters, without fear, or uncertainty, as when arriving safely into a friendly port, the reign of peace must be welcome indeed. To the warrior reposing beneath his laurels, in ease and affluence, and restored with an ample fortune to the bosom of his family and his paternal acres, the olive branch must bloom in full luxuriance.

Not so with the bold sons of the deep, or with the climate-struck, disbanded mi-

litary heroes, who, depending on war for honor and existence, must now suspend the sword in gloomy uselessness, and retire to the shade, to ruminate on past deeds of peril and hardihood, poorly requited, flitting in remembrance on the wing of time, and chronicled only by a quarterly half pay list, which is to provide for the once gay naval or military man, unfit for, yet reduced to the rank of an humble citizen, and bound perhaps by love and Hymen, to a fair bride, and an increasing brood of children.

These truths never struck me so forcibly as at the conclusion of the last war, when our streets, our parks, and our public places of rendezvous, were so crowded with the metamorphosed defenders of their country, that I could scarcely put my head out of my door, without meeting some of my many acquaintances in the land and sea service, wandering about in altered circumstances and garbs.

Here, the darling of the ball-room, who once shone and fluttered in rich furs and plumage, bearded and whiskered, embroidered, armed and perfumed, accoutred from head to foot as a splendid hussar, and followed to the field of fight by ladies' sighs and patriots' prayers, sauntered solitarily in the half worn tunic, with boots and spurs which no longer crossed the war-horse's flanks, whistling with empty pocket and vacant mind.

There, at the door of a coffee-house, was posted the bold dragoon, whom I had fled from, but a few months before, to preserve my bones entire, so furiously was he impelling his curricle along the streets, and training his prancing steeds, the unconquered at the bottle as in the plains of glory. There takes he now his stand, or lounges on the bench with a ten-times-read newspaper, a circumscribed income, and his time heavily hanging on his hands, denuded

of all the trappings of his profession, and of all the importance attached to them.

On the same bench in Saint James's Park, I beheld the reduced tactician, who, but a short time before, would lecture you for hours on the compacted square, the extended column, the movement in echelon and the flank surprised, seated by a son of Neptune, bearing his honored scars and disappointments with the same equanimity; the one discussing the cheapness of obscure eating-houses, the other musing on the past dream of life; a grey great-coat supplying the embroidered uniform of the former; an author-like, faded suit of mourning replacing the sword, epaulette, and rakish hat of the latter.

Hundreds of these pictures did I meet with in my morning walks; but we must now come from the exterior garb to the interior habit, and pass from the occupation and pastime of retired valour to his home and his altered life.

Not to mention the din and strife of war, nor the gay mess-room roar, the sparkling glass, the tar's tavern banquet, foaming with friendship and hospitality, and willingly paid for, with dear earned services—with prize money, the price of the bravest blood, the barrack scenes of mirth and conviviality, the ball, parade, the fête on board ship, manned yards, &c. I shall come to a scene in private life, as it occurred to myself; and as far as it serves to illustrate the truth that peace enricheth not all, though it still has its characteristic sweets.

"You don't know me, my worthy friend," said Lieutenant Crosstree to me, as he rose with a sigh from a seat in Kensington Gardens. "When I saw you last, it was at an entertainment given on board our ship after our return from the taking of Genoa; and you did me the favour to dine with me the next day at the Fountain."

I immediately remembered his features, his hospitality, his wounds, his services,

and his former situation, and squeezing his hand warmly and cordially betwixt both of mine, I was about to speak, when he prevented me by adding, "Times, my dear ———, are altered; but our hearts are always the same: if you'll condescend—" "Fie," interrupted I; "the term is inadmissible: I shall be proud and happy to follow you any where." "If you'll condescend," repeated he, "to come to my humble birth, we'll yet see if there is not one shot in the locker to treat a friend; and if we pass from claret and Madeira to malt liquor and grog, our cup will still foam with a hearty welcome and sparkle with kindness; we will share it with a proud spirit, and a contented heart; looking down on the ambitious man and the miser from our poor cabin."

"I'm married too, my friend," continued he: "one scrape was never enough for me; but you'll see a good woman in my Elizabeth, aye and a poor man's friend. I mean no allusion to you, but only that I love that

quality in her. Bless her heart! she's as generous as a Jack Tar just receiving his pay after a long cruise; yet, she always minds her own weather-helm, and looks to the main chance. She is brave and steady, and has no pride and nonsense about her. But come," concluded he, taking me by the arm, "you shall do me the pleasure to see my birth, and to share in what half-pay can provide."

So saying, he took me off from the gardens, and brought me perspiring, after an hour's sharp walk, to a retreat in the vicinity of the Kent Road. "Here," said he, "we may bring up. I dare say you are tired; but you shall have some refreshment in the twinkling of a handspike."

I now beheld a lovely woman dressed in a black silk gown, one chubby babe in a cradle, and another tottering with an uncertain step, to embrace its father's knees. The room was remarkably neat and clean; the table was covered with linen making

into shirts; and in one corner of the apartment sat a widow in full weeds, hemming and marking some handkerchiefs. I bowed respectfully to both ladies. The countenance of the wife was lit up by a smile: that of the widow was impressed with deep lines of melancholy.

"That's the widow of my brave messmate Jack Hatchway, as gallant an officer as ever fought a ship; but, heaven bless her, we must'nt dwell upon that subject, else we shall be aground. She makes us happy by her company; we're all of the same crew! and come what will, we shall row in the same boat." The widow dropped a tear; the Lieutenant's colour went and came; he put out his hand to the sharer of his roof; and then breaking away with an altered countenance o'er-shadowed by regretful and fond remembrance, "come, Bess," said he, "we have got our bottle of wine and some soft tack; rout it out; and if we come to old Sir John Barleycorn and

the can of grog after dinner we can't help it; it's not banyan day, my boy; come, Bessy, make my friend welcome, and make Mrs. Hatchway a little cheerful, for 'grieving's a folly' after all."

I now sat down in silent admiration of this interesting little group, and began to share their kind fare. How hallowed was this humble roof by manly and tender feeling! the wife of my friend's bosom, the widow of his bosom friend! his little innocents, a hearty welcome, and a tranquil mind! Show me the palace that can boast as much. His hospitable attentions to the widow, and the perfect sisterhood which prevailed betwixt her and his wife, were admirable.

In the course of our conversation, Crosstree enquired for whom the shirts and handkerchiefs were making. "For poor Ben, the midshipman of your watch," replied she: "I know he was a great favorite of yours, and, poor fellow, he expects to be

made immediately, and to sail with the channel fleet." "That's a good girl," cried my friend, getting up and embracing his wife: "a favor done to my friend, is all the same as if it were done to myself."

"Poor Ben," continued he, "has been very unlucky. He lost his whole kit twice, once by the blowing up of his ship, and once by being wrecked. Besides, he has been hit for bailing a worthless man, and I know that he shared all his prize money with Wildboy, a brother middy of his; and he took Sal Williams out of jail too; for he's as brave and as generous a heart as ever stepped betwixt stem and stern. I saw that fellow as cool as a cucumber, when he was only fifteen years old, in the hottest fire I ever was in in my life.

"But I say, who bought the linen?" "Mrs. Hatchway lent him the money out of her half-year's pension, and we are both rigging him out as fast as we can." "Bless her eyes," exclaimed Crosstree, with a

jewel of the first water standing in his; "it's always the poor that helps the poor; but Ben will pay her honorably, I'll be bound for it; and such a deed is scored up aloft besides, and that's better than all other registers.—Come, heave a head though, and see if dinner a'nt ready. I wish it were better; but I'll answer for the welcome."

We sat down to a very hearty meal, served up with neatness and sweetened by the welcome of the heart. The poor Lieutenant pushed about the grog a little too freely, but with so much mirth that there was no resisting him. To contribute the more to our entertainment, he sung us some admirable sea songs, and Mrs. Crosstree played some Spanish airs on the guitar, and accompanied them in a very pleasing voice.

She is the daughter of a naval chaplain, with no other fortune, than a fine person and an amiable mind: but my friend seems as

contented and happy as if he were the most independent man in Europe. In fact, independence does by no means belong to riches; but to a well governed mind, which shapes a steady course betwixt pride and humility, betwixt economy and enjoyment. I consider the Lieutenant far more independent than titled thousands with rent-rolls of the first magnitude, but whose vices, or whose want of self-controul expose them to daily degradations, and plunge them into splendid misery.

Let us here take our leave of the Lieutenant, wishing him a steady and prosperous gale through the voyage of life; may poor Ben make his fortune and requite the widow ten-fold; and may the Soldier's and the Sailor's widow never want such a friend as brave Crosstree in the hour of affliction or necessity!

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

Nº LV.

NORTHERN VOTARIES OF BACCHUS.

He loved him weel as ony brother,
They had been fu' for weeks the gither.

BURNS.

NORTHERN VOTARIES OF BACCHUS.

ONE cold winter's evening as I was sitting with a certain jovial marquis, over a flowing cup, we were led to enumerate the companions of our festive hours, to mention their various qualities, and to question each other as to their fate. "Pledge me a cup to the immortal memory of Burns," said his lordship,* "that favourite of the muses, the bard of nature. What heart inspiring sentiments flow in his numbers! they warm the bosom like generous wine, and wrap a man, as it were, in affection's mantle! Nothing but the pure milk of human kindness

runs warm and clear through his heart on these occasions. Alas! where is he?—In an untimely grave.—But he lives in the bosom of every true Caledonian."

We next passed in review the gallant —— No warmer heart ever animated a manly breast. In his sober moments, he was sentimental; and in his hours of festivity he was indeed delightful. He would divide his all with a brother. What would he not do, at any time to relieve distress! But over the fancy stirring bowl, his life, his liberty, his property, seemed cheap to rescue the orphan, or the widow, to dry up affliction's tear, to protect the helpless, or avenge injured honor! Yet scarcely thirty summers have tinged his brow, empurpled with the grape's ripe juice, when he too has made his passage to that country "from whose bourne no traveller returns:" "Alas! poor Yorick!" Here an unbidden swelling of the heart, commanded silence for many moments, when we drank to our friend's memory.

"Poor Donald Bain!" exclaimed his lordship; "shall you ever forget the nobility of his disposition?—too proud to receive a favor, too delicate to incur debt. In his latter days," continued the peer, "when he was nearly burned out, and when he had sold his little Highland property, and was living on the almost exhausted produce of his commission, I went to dine with him, and hinted that I had some money to spare if he wanted it. His answer was 'no, no; I love to increase a friend's comforts, but never to diminish them; your ain guid heart (to use poor Donald's own words) will find plenty o' ways for your siller.' I insisted upon drinking nothing but whiskey punch after the bottle at dinner. To this he consented; but when, after a most potent quantity of the barley bree had been drank, I talked of parting and of taking no more. 'What!' exclaimed Donald; 'and wad ye, after I had been half starving mysel for a month

to hae a heavy drink the gither, leave me this way in the middle o' the night?' I felt the friendship, the compliment, the hearty welcome of my host, and—the sun lit us at our parting. Poor Donald perished in fording a river, when, *Bacchi plenus!*"

We next touched on the exit from this eventful scene of life, of Colonel ———, produced by his own hands; and then came to the witty, the inimitable L——, whose table *bon mots*, and flashes of wit, called forth by Bacchus, would fill entire folios; whose company was the talisman of conviviality, whose presence was a charm at the festive board, whose *naïve*, pure Scottish humour, had a secret excellence of originality which mingled admiration with mirth, and wedded esteem to laughter,—whose good natured satire injured none, yet frolicksomely brushed or tickled all.—What spirits, what genius, what constitution! and yet, to what is he now reduced! Debilitated, and nearly bent double, he

emerges from a feverish bed, in the afternoon, and carries a living death about him, until the hour of dinner, when the stimulus of wine and stronger liquors awakens memory, and gives him a kind of false existence. In the morning, so nervous is he, that the opening of a door shakes him to the centre; the least surprise subdues him; involuntary tears flow upon the most trivial occasions; whilst he turns aside from his own wasting and decaying strength, and scarcely dares to contemplate in his glass the ruins of a fine manly form, and those features which bespeak a glorious intellect sadly misapplied. "I saw him one day," said the Marquis, "trembling and hesitating on the brink of a little burnie, as we call it, not two feet wide. His nerves were shaking; he was all fear, shame, regret and irritation; yet dared he not attempt to step across it—such was the enfeeblement of his mind, such the languid paralyzed state of his body! and this in a man who was as active

as a roe, on foot, and would leap a five barred gate when out with the hounds a few years ago. ‘Confound the bit burnie!’ cried he; ‘I hae seen the day whan I wad a drank it dry, if it had been whiskey! and now to be sae fashed about sic a trifle is awfu' indeed!’”

Taking a retrospect of these scenes, and of the actors in life's drama who endeared them to me, “how sincerely,” said I to myself, “is it to be regretted that such souls should have been but like summer insects, and have enjoyed only a mere sunny ray, a transitory apparition, a lucid interval before the darkness of futurity! How lamentable that such talents, such virtues, and brilliant qualities should have suddenly expired in the haze of intoxication, after having been little more than *ignus fatui*, to lure our erring steps to the brink of that precipice whence they have fallen.”

I mean not to say, that these scenes have no charm. I am alive to all the mellow

feelings of ripened and overflowing benevolence which wine matures and softens in the bosom, during the glow of friendship and festivity! how many a rapturous delight has the Bacchanalian torch lit men to! how often do we see the wrinkles of age, and the furrows of care smoothed into youthful softness and rosy health, when the vessels of the wasted heart have swelled with "the juice of Velez' scorched vine!" how does the potent draught expand the narrow heart; nay, even unlock the miser's chest! how arch is wit, how artless is brotherhood, how kind the softer sex, touched by this magic wand!

Alas! we must not trust the witchcraft of the enchanter's cup! Often the unlocked heart has received a serpent to its centre, and the dazzled imagination has unbraced the thorns of conscience, which lurked amongst the flowers of love. 'Tis dangerous to touch the foaming brim of that inviting bowl whose dregs are poverty, misery

and remorse. To taste is delightful; but to drink deep is to drain it of the poison which its dregs contain.

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

Nº LVI.

LOVE AND MATRIMONY.

Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will.

THOMSON

LOVE AND MATRIMONY.

It was a beautiful summer's evening. The quietude of the scene was impressively delightful. Not a breeze ruffled the foliage. The wild flowers were clad in their most luxuriant attire. All nature seemed to be in a state of prosperous tranquillity. The last rays of the sun reposed on a daisied bank, whilst its reflection covered the river with gilded blushes and tinges of purple. What a moment for the confidential, or contemplative walk, for the sage, for the religious, or for one enamoured of beauty!

I had scarcely made these reflections, in

the course of my solitary stroll, when I beheld a handsome young couple at the end of the avenue, in the act of taking leave. Their hands were joined, and they appeared to linger in the act of separation. Their limbs receded regretfully, but the heart, the inclination, the countenance, the expression of each, lent towards its second self, as if there rested all felicity, there centred all hope, there resided the completion of every wish, the full satisfaction of every desire.

Declining in years as I am, I felt a quicker circulation of the blood, attended by rather a sympathizing with, than an envy of their bliss; but how far short must my feelings be of the rapturous sensations of this pair! for the adieu had nothing mournful in it; it was a farewell to meet again, a short preface to short absence, and the prelude to the transports of again joining hands and hearts. What a look was the last! it was soul addressing soul—the totality of existence devoted to another, communing with

that beloved. "May they be happy, innocent and true!" said I to myself, involuntarily; but the look sunk deep in my mind. and I must *attempt* to describe it, well aware as I am that lovers' eyes cannot be painted on canvass or on ivory, nor told in the excess of oratory, nor scarcely described in poetry; the pen, the pencil and the chisel, the tongue of oratory and the poet's fancy, all fall short of it; yet will I attempt to draw the imperfect outline.

The eye of the youth was bold and ardent as the eagle's, yet full, fond, lit up with love, and kindling in such gentle guise that it spake submission, devotion and idolatry. His complexion was brown, but clear; his form lofty; his features regular; his person well proportioned; and his cheek crimsoned with the deepest velvet, or damask dye of glowing affection and sanguine hope. The fair was whiter than the lily, with humid blue eyes, melting into love and tenderness, and which for colour might

have rivalled a clear unclouded sky, and for brightness have been peered by the stars alone. Those eyes spoke volumes of indescribable tenderness; her lips seemed like the full rose-bud, bursting into greater loveliness, and a further measure of sweetness, her smile was warm, though it was uncertain; it chid departure, yet awakened hope.

It was hard to leave such a person, and such a smile, for the lady was perfectly beautiful; but circumstances commanded; and even now I see that last "longing lingering look."—The lovers parted.

I returned from my walk, and supped with a large party; and I confess that I was a little romantic, and perhaps nonsensical, on the subject of what I had seen. A thousand conjectures as to who they were, circualted round the table. The majority decided in favour of lovers; some added, "under actual promise;" others superadded, "near the day and period of their felicity." A widow named the honey-moon: there

was much probability in it; and now I began to reflect, that there was in the look, something which seemed endeared by a possessive pronoun being added to each; they must be *more* than lovers.

A young exquisite now started a new idea. "They are," said he, flourishing his snuff-box,—"they are (I will bet ten to one on it) either a mysterious couple, or one newly married, without the consent of the *old ones*, and forced to conceal their union." The first statement I combated, for there was an expression in the female countenance which negatived that interpretation. The second position, however, turned out to be correct; for, on describing minutely their persons and their dress, they were discovered to be so by a confidant at table, who allowed the circumstance, but with-held their names; and far be it from me to trespass on their secret, or profane their rapture by further explanation.

"There!" said my exquisite, first adjust-

ing his cravat, and next flacking a highly perfumed handkerchief,—"there! I knew I was right: the mysterious veil, the stolen meeting, and the stratagems of love, constitute all its bliss; remove the gauze, the secrets, the doubts and difficulties, and you despoil it of all its sweets; 'tis then an overblown rose, a faded lily, 'a twice told tale,' a riddle solved, or a novel come to the *denouement*, the last scene of a play, or, altogether a *farce*, if you please." Here he looked round for applause, and he met it from gallant ladies, who planted the batteries of their eyes against their enduring lords, from worldly husbands, with elevated shoulders, eyeing their dames askance, from four rakes determined never to marry, and from two old maids, who will never be asked the question. I held out stiffly in the minority.

"And think you, Sir," said I, "that wedlock is so tame, so languid and so tepid, that it has no joys except under

these mysterious circumstances, or during the honey-moon?" "Positively none," replied my exquisite, in a most de-ci-ded tone, and syllabling his words, as if each syllable were an oracle, or a *final* sentence, from which there could be no appeal. I answered by a look of non-conviction, with something of pity in it, conveyed in spite of myself, by a dejection of the eye-lid, and a dissenting uplifting of the shoulders. He saw what was meant, and added, "I should like to hear what they are." This he uttered with a laugh, just within the neutrality of non-offence, and on the last line of demarcation, chalked out by decorous urbanity.

I took the liberty to state that, divested of the mystery which he had so eloquently described, many moons, nay many years after the honey-moon, mutual affection, mutual confidence, sweet habit, well tried merit, protection, dependence, and even similarity and sympathy afford a long train of lively, gentle and permanent delights.

" *Gentle* enough," interrupted the exquisite, and the smile of the circle was against me. "Nay," concluded I, "at the period which you seem to be the least aware of, namely, in the decline of life, there are still endearing circumstances, which mock the very hand of time; for instance, the powerful tie of children, the living over again in those dear creatures, the revival of past youth, and past enjoyments in the features of these tender, mutual pledges, the added link of their filial love, the intermediate resting-place for our affections which they form, this cementing of a solid basis of esteem, this double rivetting of former love, the present solace in care, and the future promise of parental gratifications.

I now took breath, and eyed my foe, looking round for the laurel and the victory; but not a hand, not an eye! I was in a high circle; and I perceived that neither myself, nor my opinions were in fashion. "If you consider conjugal bliss as *une affaire de*

famille, or *une affaire de politique*, I have done with the argument." Here my defeat was complete, although by no means just.

It very often happens that when our antagonist cannot dispose of the matter in contest, in any other way, he brings in a *mauvaise plaisanterie*, which generally succeeds, since people are more apt to enjoy another's discomfiture than his success. This was my case; but, if my opponent still retain his opinion on this interesting subject, I trust that I may be allowed to preserve mine, and that I may find some of my readers who will agree with

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

No LVII.

THE HIGHLAND OUTLAW.

Oh! my poor country, sick with civil broils.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE HIGHLAND OUTLAW.

THERE cannot be a more distressing sight to humanity, than a country distracted and divided; brother armed against brother, and neighbour fighting against neighbour; yet have these three kingdoms, at different periods, exhibited many such melancholy scenes.

Nor is Ireland even yet free from those bitter animosities and strifes, which rend the bosoms of families, and disgrace the felicitous soil to which nature has been so bountiful, but which her unnatural children are every day defiling by murder and rapine, in the name of religion and party spirit.

There was an era, that of the struggle of the Stuarts, when Scotland displayed lamentable examples of domestic feud, which depopulated the face of her land, and stained her soil with the bravest blood of the country, (in truth, blood, than which there is none braver in the world;) but it is consolatory to think with how little slaughter, with how few crimes, public executions, or private reverses, peace, union and amity were restored to the country,—how undisturbed it has remained since, after a convulsive revolution, whilst in the sister kingdom her sanguinary spirit of rebellion and stifled animosity is unceasingly breaking out like an ill cured wound, and for ever impeding the march of science, arresting the hand of improvement, and obscuring the rays of wisdom faintly darting through the cloud of prejudice and error, which is ever impending over the smiling fields, and bland climate of Hibernia —a temperature so mild and benignant

that we marvel when we see it without influence on the inhabitants of the soil.

But to return to Caledonia. The affairs of the 15 and 45, and the migration which followed defeat, whilst they thinned the Scottish ranks, and deprived the mother country of many a hardy and valiant arm, recruited foreign armies with expatriated heroes, who perished in the hostile field abroad, or dragged out a living death in exile, while the remaining branches of the family at home, either obtained their own by submission, or kept aloof in the day and hour of trial, and joined the strongest party at the close. This was not common in the Highlands:—but it is neither my province to quote painful distinctions, nor to discuss the expediency of that spirit of peace and reconciliation which might have won many a brave heart and hand to the government cause, instead of levying war upon their possessions with fire and sword in their absence, or punishing the poor re-

maining relatives for the deeds of their forefathers and kinsmen.

Suffice it to say, that the house of Clan —— was of this number. The head of the clan had *been out* in the 45; the numerous brothers had fought, bled and died in the Stuart cause; they had drained the last resources of their coffers, anticipated the produce of their fields, felled timber, and encumbered their estates to a fearful extent. Their faithful clansmen had followed them through the most perilous adventures, stemming, in vain, the purple tide of war until they were mowed down in their invincible ranks, and left nothing behind them but a brave name, and a faith entire and unbroken to the grave. Many had fled from after persecutions, from poverty and roofless homes, from the sentence of the law, but, above all, from the shame attached to it.

A younger brother's children, under the guidance of a prudent Lowland dame, now became the possessors of the domain and the

representatives of the outlawed house; and, as possession is sweet, and a Scotch lawyer (such was the new laird often bred to be) is generally *sicker*, he thought it *no sae discreet* and advisable to remit sums of money to the lawful heir, now an outlaw in the service of France.

But time rolled on, and feuds faded in remembrance; royal mercy was extended to a few of the exiled families; and the death of prejudice brought others home to lay down on their last pillow in their native land, and to be gathered to their forefathers. Peace and sweet hope smiling once more upon the Highland hills, the long absent Roderick, whom death and bullets seemed to have shunned, returned to greet his native land again, and to pour the fond tear of remembrance, or murmur the requiem over departed bravery and worth. He had a pension from the French court, a decoration, and the rank of colonel, which his father also bore in the Stuart army, having

called out his sturdy followers and formed a legion of them.

The second brother had also married a foreign lady, who dying prematurely, left him a small fortune, on which he contrived to live with dignity and economy. To him every object was welcome, save the usurpers of his lands; and as his faith, his politics, and his habits were completely at variance with theirs, there was no cementing the divided members of the house, no building up a new edifice of mutual adhesion and support. He treated the legal laird as a renegade and a plunderer, an apostate and a time-server, whilst he was considered as a rebel and an outlaw, a foreigner and a papist. These opinions were then fraught with the greatest danger.

On the Colonel's return, he found out an aged cousin-german covered with wounds, who had been allowed to wander about the country almost a pauper, but who was now taken by him into his house, and shared his

property. The unnatural cruelty shown towards this kinsman was a fresh source of animosity; and it was *à guerre à mort*, between the lawyer and the returned emigrant Colonel.

At length old Roderick fell in the fulness of years, and a numerous assemblage of relations prepared to attend him to the grave. Even those who had denied him during his life, now smote their breasts, and passed the hard palm before their eyes, filled with regretful and bitter tears, crying, "Woe's me! puir Rorie; he was as brave's his braid sword. Wha'd a thought that he wad a gane sae soon." Many who had slighted him whilst living, now honored his cold clay, and fain would have given half their estates to have saved his life, or to have treated him more kindly during the period thereof. Many who had avoided him when living, were now ambitious of the honor of being nearest him in the sad train of sepulchral homage and respect.

Cousins flocked from all quarters, undeterred by distance, bad weather, or bad roads; so that he had an immense population in the centre of a barren land to pay him the last tribute of affection and regret, to laud his merit, and to join their condolence with a host more of neighbours and friends.

Nor was the legal laird insensible to this just tribute. It cheered his soul; it mingled in the same tear, pride, honour, and brotherly love. The broken remnants of the clan gathered together. The banner of their house, which had long hung like the suspended fame of their ancestry, and the pipe, which slept in mournful repose, now moved each kinsman's breast, and spoke a history of woe to an assemblage melted and inspired beyond all expression.

The Colonel felt as if old Roderick were not yet dead—as if his spirit breathed in every heart. Looking his last on him,—"There, kinsman," said he, "there is a brave

fellow," putting a white cockade and his broad sword on his coffin. He was almost smothered with grief, and looking what he could not speak, he scowled sternly around him, and broke out in a convulsive shriek—"There!" then he bent his brows as in defiance on the circle. "There!" as much as to say—"Ye ken what he has dun—how he has fought, bled and suffered, and how unconquerable he was in courage and in opinion to the last." "There!" he exclaimed, again; and he kissed the hilt of the claymore, adding, "it shall be buried wi' him; nane else is worthy o't!" An expression of soul-lacerating lamentation sprung simultaneously from all around; whilst the women wrung their hands, and the piper played a Highland lament, which the clansmen accompanied vocally.

Hanging back in the crowd, grave, humble, and pensive, anxious, yet fearful, penitent, yet too proud to bend, stood George, the then laird, and the first who bore such

a Christian name in the family. He dared not to meet the fiery eye and shaggy over-hung grey eye-brows of the Colonel; yet he dared not for his life, for his honor, and for his inclination, be absent from the family procession and ceremony. He hoped to pass unobserved by his enemy, and to mingle his salt tears in silence; for the drop of Highland blood was too strong for all the rest of his composition, and he felt keenly on the occasion.

The body was about to move forward—the trembling hands of his kinsmen were about to raise him—when the Colonel's eye caught the retiring form of him, against whom he had so long harboured vengeance. —The moment was dreadful. The spirit of George sunk within him. In the conflict of his breast, he wept—he turned aside—at length, he cried in a faultering tone, "Kinsman, I ken that I am an intruder—I'm no welcome, I dinna deserve to be so—but I could na let the honest man gang to's

last hame without this last tribute."—"George," replied the Colonel, in an angry attitude, but in a subdued tone, "I did na expec to hae seen you here; I was na prepared for't; but death maun unite us a' at last; this is nae place for resentments; they gang na ayout the grave;—look upon yon brave chield; he was as fierce as the lion, yet as tender-hearted's the lamb; we bury a' resentment wi' him, for I carena a snuff for mysel; and when men shed tears for the same object, their hearts canna be vera far apart; you're heartily welcome to the land, man; and since I hae nae heirs o' my ain, it's no worth the speaking about, I wish there were mair o't;—but thae incendiary deevils,"—here he checked the rising remembrance. "Thae emblems o' morality," resumed he, "sud mak's forget a' that; shake hands, lad, o'er poor Rorie's coffin; and I only wish that he could look up and see't."

Drowned in a torrent of tears, the whole procession moved forward; and the family feud was buried with the faithful and gallant Roderick.

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

No LVIII.

A RUSTICATED LONDONER.

Rural retirement, pray, d'ye term it ?
Lord ! it is living like a hermit.
MRS. THRALE

" *Divini gloria Ruris.*"

A RUSTICATED LONDONER.

My friend, Jack Townly, has purchased an elegant cottage about twenty miles from London. There, after being one of the greatest rakes in town, he proposed to live "*ut prisca gens mortalium*," in the delights of agriculture, and in the study of nature. "A little gardening," said he to himself, "a poney to ride, my books, my dogs, and an occasional visit from a neighbour, will divide my hours most admirably. I will part with my town establishment, retrench, renovate my constitution, and recruit my injured fortune."

All this sounds very well; but, the first thing a man has to do, ere he judge of a new mode of life, is to study himself. Without this he will only be building castles in the air. I have known a score of these castles built, whose fabrics generally fell to the ground, and overwhelmed their architects in their fall. A London gardener, and a Bond Street student, an opera philosopher, or a town sportsman, are very unnatural beings. They forget that, with the loss of time and money, that of constitution follows, and that they do not possess the robust body and rosy health which suit the occupation of agriculture, or even of horticulture. They do not recollect how heavy time hung upon them, even in gay crowds, and how dependent they were upon others for amusement, how much the mind resembles the debilitated appetite, fatigued with variety, overcharged and sated; how necessary novelty is to both, and how unlikely it is that the turning up of the soil, or the planting of

a rose-bush, should serve as a substitute for the club-house, or the evening party. They never calculate all the rainy and snowy days in the year, when a man must be a prisoner in his library, without a mind to read. They forget the fifty-two Sundays, and a few other holidays which they formerly spent in the Park, dangling, dining, or getting drunk, and which now ought to be dedicated to devotion and the giving of good example. Thus, in error respecting themselves, they could not fail to be in error respecting their enjoyments; and one of them had the candour to say that he would prefer the King's Bench with society, to the first country residence without it, or with only a humdrum neighbour or two, without knowing what was going *on in the world*, as he called it.

Allowing sporting to be a rational amusement, which I leave to my reader to determine, violent fatigue suits not a man of relaxed habits; and somnolency, if alone, or intemperance, if with sportsmen, form

the common finale of the day's sport, thus undoing what might be done by air and exercise, with a vacant, or perhaps discontented mind. The man who passes rapidly from a round of pleasure to a rural life, is very apt to be peevish, and to fancy that bad weather, want of success in his pursuits, or nervous affections, mar all his enjoyments, when pure disappointment and irksome self are the real causes of his dissatisfaction.

The weather drives him from the garden, or he gets a lumbago, by working in an easterly wind; his dog misbehaves out a shooting, and does not find; or he wants new books at home, and is tired of every thing, having an intellect cut out only for a novel or a newspaper.

These circumstances are so common, that it is not to be wondered that Jack Townly is the most unhappy fellow in the world, being transplanted to a soil which suits neither his nature nor his habits. To make matters worse, there is no society within five

miles of him, and he is now completely disgusted with his romantic retreat.

You may see him crawl to his sopha in a morning, having passed a bad night on account of going to bed at too early an hour, he fancies that his stomach is weak, which justifies brandy in his tea; he hears of a farmer's breakfast, which introduces meat, eggs, and heavy food beyond his digestive powers; he pores over the newspaper, and wishes himself in town; and if there be a delay in the post, and the paper comes late, he scolds his footman and all around him, and is ill-tempered the whole of the day.

If the weather be bad, he tries the library; but the fatigue of serious reading suits not his brain. He then finds his stomach out of order and sends for the apothecary. The apothecary sings a good song and drinks hard; he is kept to dinner; and the patient drinks two bottles of wine, which make a second visit necessary. The even-

ings are very long: what an annoyance to a dandy is a walk in the fields! He therefore dines later, and gets some entertaining fellow to help him out with his wine in some cool situation in the grounds, where they cooly get tipsey, and the head-ache confines him to bed the next day. Or if it be winter, he collects the attorney, the parson, and the doctor to dine and to play at whist until two in the morning, after which his horticulture stands still. Then again he sends for books on the subject, reads them, falls asleep, and never puts in practice their unamusing directions.

Jack Townly purchased this retreat for the sake of contemplative solitude and sober retirement; his greatest complaint is the want of neighbourhood, and the loneliness of the situation. Physicking and grumbling seem to be his chief employments; and he is very diligent in both. In the midst of general dissatisfaction, he has made the following discoveries, which may

be useful to town gentlemen about to embrace a rustic life.

It costs him more trouble and expense to collect together an unamusing party, than it did in town to get a fashionable one. His flower garden is grown stale, and the cultivation of it is fitter for a woman than for a London gentleman; for what cares he for the grafting of a rose, or for the size of a ranuncula? he eats his vegetables dearer than he could purchase them in Covent Garden Market; his pines are inferior in flavour, and higher in price than in Bond Street, or at Gunter's, in Berkeley Square; his gardener, his game-keeper and his bailiff, all cheat him; and his farm is an annual sinking fund. Finally, he is completely tired of his proposed happy life, and talks of parting with the cottage at a loss, and of retiring abroad, where, unless he pass his time at the billiard table, at the theatre, and in expensive British Society, he will be as much out of his element, as at his *Bel Retiro*.

A mind inverted by pleasure, and, a body impaired by hard living, are ill suited to rural habits, or to rural scenes. When a man has passed two thirds of his life in town circles, he will never assimilate himself to the manners of the country. The philosopher or the husbandman thrives in rural scenery. The unimpaired intellect is braced for study, by pure air, and the scenery of nature; but the libertine pines in such a climate, and sinks into dejection amidst purling rills and murmuring fountains.

What delights can the simple scenes of nature convey to a mind which has found amusement in listening to how such and such a man was ruined at play, what horse won at Derby, what demirep was most in fashion, or what dame of quality figured last in the columns of a newspaper. Let men, bearing such a mind, never seek for the charms of quietude in romantic scenery, for where a man is alone with his Creator, and in the still bosom of the forest or the glen, his reflections must be tranquil and

soothing, in order to derive enjoyment from the scene. The man of mind can muse on the charms of nature, can study the minutest of her works, cull a useful lesson from the transistory flower, borrow a moral from an insect; but he who has been trained in the sunshine of dissipation, must still be its slave, and if he quit the haunts of large cities, it must be to do penance in the country. Retirement may bring remorse to such one; but it can never produce delight. At the same time, if a man can divorce himself from obstinate habit, and after trying himself a certain time, ally himself to any thing sensible in the form of a companion, he may surmount that difficulty; but alas! the patient is generally incurable before country air is prescribed as a remedy for his disease.

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END OF VOL. III.